

NEW RECESSION-BUSTING LOW PRICE!!

MUSIC • INTERVIEWS • COMICS • REVIEWS

BRUTARIAN

#35

\$2.95



\$2.95US \$3.95CAN

35>



**DEEP INSIDE
THIS ISSUE!**

**MITCH O'CONNELL • P5
NICK ZEDD • WANDA JACKSON**



My Fellow Americans,

What's all the shouting about the "shadow government"? Hell, my Daddy and his boys have been running the government from the shadows ever since they done blew John Fuckin' Kennedy's brains out.

George Dubya Bush
White House Bowling Alley

My Fellow Former Stockholders,

You just don't get it, do you? We don't give a fuck about you or anyone else. You're lucky I only stole from you. If I felt like it, I could come on over and rape your little boy. Hell, if I hadn't had five heart attacks already I probably would have done that, too.

Big Dick Cheney
Limbo, West Virginia

Imitators of Christ,

I ask you not to get too excited about all of the recent allegations of priestly child molestations. God knows, I'm trying to contain my excitement as much as you are.

Da Pope
Vatican Rumpus Room

Holly Moses,

So I've killed a few hundred stinking Palestinians after occupying their territory. What's with the bad press? You'd think I was Hitler and had just invaded Poland.

Ariel Sharon
Oy vey, Israel

Palestinian Martyrs,

We must fight until I am the last man standing.

Yessuh Arafat
Goatlover, Palestine

Motherfuckers,

It's just malicious that you would consider refusing the rights of a man to pursue his likelihood. Hell, it's not unlike I was O.J. Simpsons or something.

Iron Mike Tyson
Crazytown, NV

BRUTARIAN is published Quarterly by Dom Salemi Articles & Artwork © 2002 by their respective authors unless otherwise noted.

Editor: Dom Salemi

Layout: Paul Hernandez

Cover art: Mitch O'Connell

SUBSCRIBE TO THE BRUTARIAN! Only \$16 per annum, Back issues \$6. All checks payable to Dom Salemi.

For Submissions & Subscriptions: P.O.Box 210, Accokeek, MD 20607

BRUTARIAN

INTERVIEWS

FLESH & INK WITH MITCH
An Interview
with Mitch O'Connell
By Larry Rodman
PG.05



Return of the living Zedd
by Jenny Gonzalez
and Lisa Darrow-Badavi
PG.49



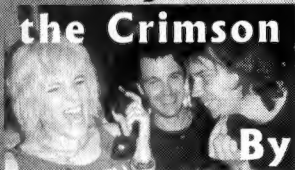
PG.57 Interview With Stephen Dedman
by Jayme Lynn Blaschke



The Wanda Jackson Interview/Part 2
By Ken Burke

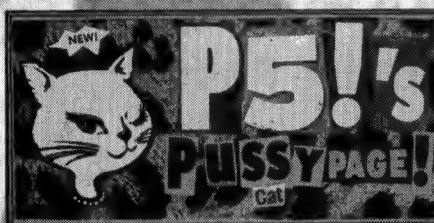


Bloody Good: the Crimson Sweet
PG.39
By Dom Salemi



COLUMNS

RAT STEW PG.01
BY GENE STEWART



PG.35



ON MANOR'S MIND BY STATELY WAYNE MANOR

PG.76

COMICS BY

Mark Poutenis
Thinking Ape Blues

John Terhorst
Barney the Bomb-sniffing Dog

William Morton
Skully

Jenny Gonzalez
Bongwater Buddhists



Simply the thing I am shall make me live.
Shakespeare

OTHER

WHO NEEDS SNUFF?
by Paul A. Toth



PG.16

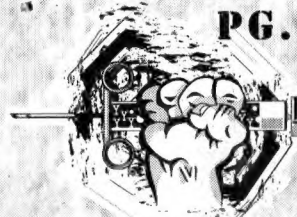
Killers on the Loose
by Paul A. Toth



PG.15

FICTION

PG.03



The Wild Y
by Teej Grant

REVIEWS

AUDIO



PG.21

DEPRIVATION

SIX PACK THEATER



PG.43

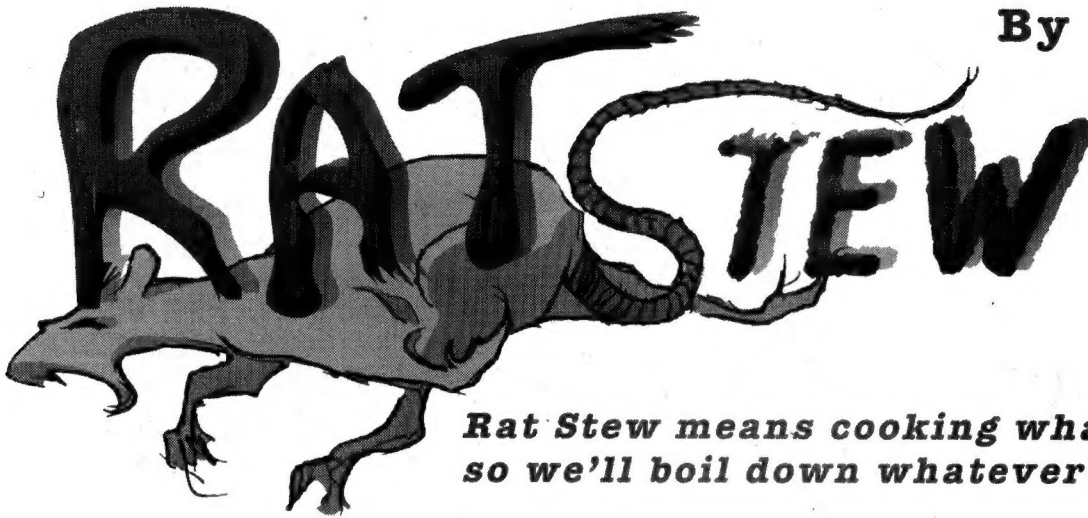
BY OZZY FIDE

BRUTARIAN



PG.62

LIBRARY



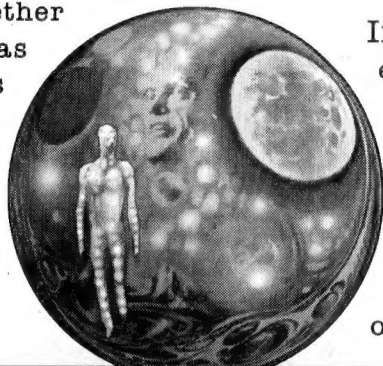
***Rat Stew means cooking what you can catch,
so we'll boil down whatever's in the pot.***

"Science Fiction's Future Past"

Been reading any good science fiction lately? I haven't, and I'm wondering why. Half wondering if there's any such thing.

In truth, few new sf books appeal to me. These days each seems to be part of some endless series, or an echo of a movie, or setup for a franchise. The few original novels written by writers who seem to care more about the work than about farming it out tend to come from scientists and engineers, (Mars Crossing by Geoffrey A. Landis, a NASA scientist), old pros such as Greg Bear and Gregory Benford, or other established award-winners. And they're no longer winning many awards, either.

Yes, China Mieville's Perdido Street Station shouldered aside a great deal of attention for itself, as did Neal Stephenson's skiffy Pynchonesque Necronomicon last year, but this time around, in the year 2001, certainly a science-fictional year to conjure with, J. K. Rowling won the Hugo, so the jury's still out as to whether any major upheaval has taken place when it comes to what's hot and what's not in stodgy, retro sfdom. Probably more's not than hot, if kidlit beats out Clarke and Mieville.



So it seems to me that science fiction is increasingly a genre of sub-genres and cliques. It has shattered. No longer is there any such damned thing as science fiction; it means only what each of us means when we use the term.

Consider the shards: There are the franchise fiends who adore, buy, read, discuss, and scribble fanfic; STAR TREK novels and the like are the example. There are writers who combine genres in order to freshen the mix, such as Catharine Asaro, who found romance/space opera sells. There are derivative wannabes whose work rewarms yesterday's classics; they may raise their hands to provide examples if they wish. There are graphic novels — post-literate excursions into imaginations-for-hire. And there are those who write for the love of the form, for the challenge its research and presentation can represent, and for other high motives.

That last-mentioned group is shrinking fast, and it's due to an interesting lack of interest in anything challenging.

In our post 9/11 sub-reality, we might be excused for wanting comfort items. That's the rap, anyhow. The media speak of comfort TV shows, comfort food, and comfort purchases. The familiar makes us rest easier on our newly sharpened tenterhooks. So maybe that's why there is a distinct preference, bordering on lust in some quarters, for space opera and other old-fashioned forms.

But this was happening before 9/11. It was part of a division in science fiction fandom some trace back to the New Wave schism. As bruised, battered SFWA President Norman Spinrad has mentioned recently, the New Wave lost.

What was it? Only an influx, in the 1970s, of writers who had studied not engineering or science, but English Literature and other humanities courses. This was deplored by the purists, the hard-liners who wrote and read "hard" science fiction. Implication being, yes, that this other form of science fiction that emphasized good writing and experimental narrative structures was "soft" or "limp" or even "easy" by contrast.

Writers of the New Wave included Harlan Ellison, Norman Spinrad, and Samuel R. Delany. By now their work is comfortably marginalized and continually maligned. The world seemed once again safe for the hard stuff, but science fiction had changed, and didn't even know it.

Along came William Gibson and Bruce Sterling and Pat Cadigan and a few others, and cyberpunk blossomed, and wilted, in the 1980s. The 1990s brought further fractures, multiplied splinter groups, and was noteworthy mostly for producing no major sub-genre movement within sf.

Most of the stars who rose in the 1980s and 1990s wrote better than they did science, David Brin being a notable exception. Gibson, virtually a mainstream writer whose work was science fiction by virtue of milieu and situation more than the old traditional problem-solving, may well move on soon, as our world catches up to the cyberpunks' bleak visions. Dan Simmons, who made his reputation in sf with pastiche, has left the field already for historical crime thrillers. Others may follow, if the satisfactions of regurgitating tropes E. E. "Doc" Smith did far better begins to wane.

All of which adds up to the fact that, for me, few new sf books published over the past few years have appealed enough to prompt me to buy or read them.

Consider: The last science fiction I read was back in May, and the one before that was way back in July 2000. And further consider what kind of sf they were.

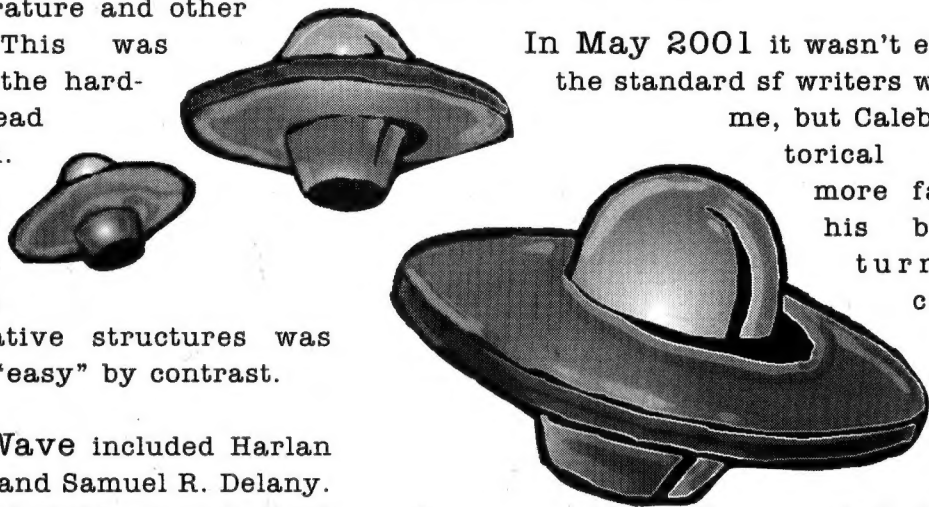
In May 2001 it wasn't even one of the standard sf writers who enticed me, but Caleb Carr, historical novelist more famous for his best-selling turn-of-the-century NYC serial killer novel, *The Alienist*.

And I read his science fiction novel, *Killing Time*, more out of curiosity than perked interest, to see if he could handle the form's tropes.

His professionalism and literacy came through for him, and the book proved enjoyable on several levels. It's essentially Jules Verne wonderment filtered through Philip K. Dick's irreality and paranoia, with some interesting extrapolations tossed in. Entertaining mix, I thought, and perhaps the better for not having come from sf's core.

How so? In so many places where Carr simply mentions something and moves on, a writer of hard sf would have paused for lame dialogue about the underlying concepts — which is both bad writing and patronizing — or hammered in a wedge of exposition or otherwise halted narrative flow in order to, what? Show off research or erudition?

If readers don't get it, why bother explaining? And if they do get it, leave them alone to savor the wit. If you must explain things to a



reader, that reader isn't likely to have reached the second or third expository lump anyhow, y'know?

I did better by science fiction last year, but the July 2000 book was *Timeline*, by Michael Crichton, another dilettante as far as science fiction's hardcore fandom goes. Again, it was an entertaining book, this one featuring time travel calibrated for mass appeal, with a medieval adventure sandwiched between the framing set-pieces.

The science fiction book I read before Crichton's was *The Frankenstein Papers* by Fred Saberhagen, an older book but an enjoyable, and fannish, sf'nal deconstruction of Mary W. Shelley's classic novel, told from the monster's view. Saberhagen points out many errors from the original narrative, and this kind of second-guessing is pure faanish fun. [Note: "faanish" is a word used in sf fan-

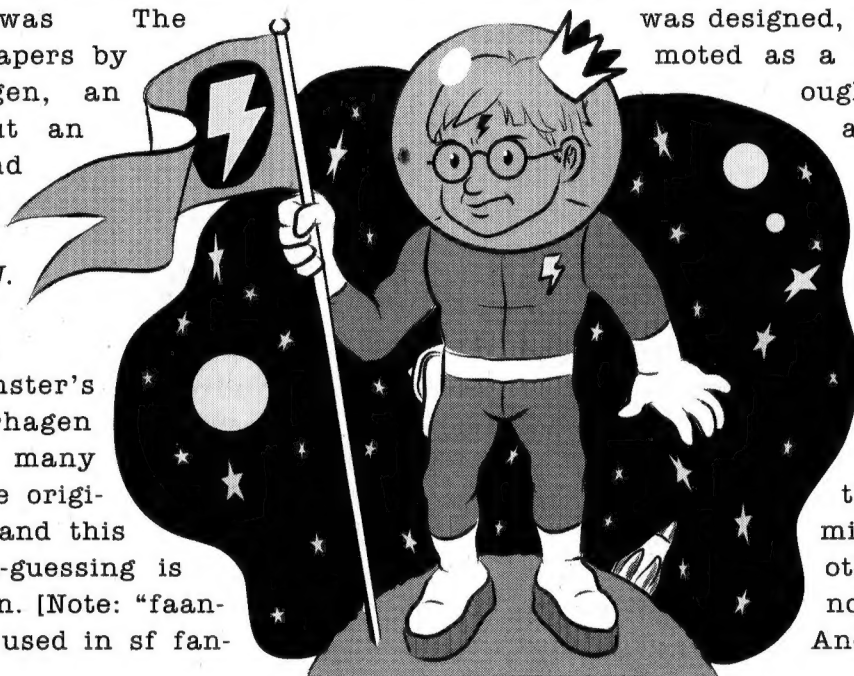
dom to mean excessive fanatic behavior, an acknowledgment of extremes.]

Still, it's lightweight science fiction, let's admit it.

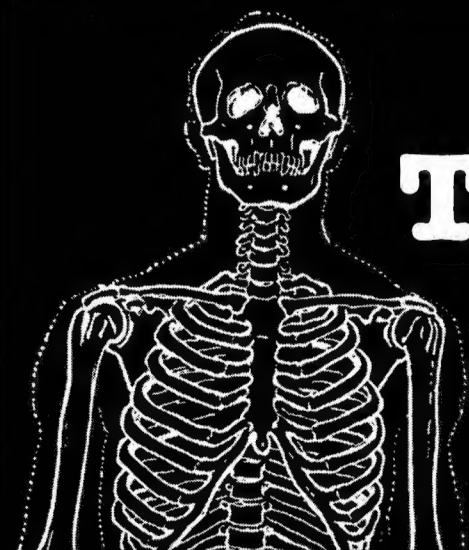
In May 2000 I read *Psychlone* by Greg Bear, a fun X-FILES kind of sf-horror novel. Still, not new when I read it, and never a contender for Hugo or Nebula approval.

Before that, also in May 2000, I read *Link* by Walt Becker, an enjoyable mix of fringe archaeology, sci-fi, and paranoid cosmology. This book was designed, built, published, and promoted as a bestseller, so perhaps I ought not even mention it as among the sf I've read lately.

Guns, With Occasional Music by Jonathan Lethem I finished in April. Again, not a new book when I read it, but from a writer who'd made a big stir back then with his interesting mix of science fiction with other genres, in this case noir and hard-boiled crime. And again, I enjoyed how it



THE WILD Y



played against the many expectations one has of "regular" or "straight" sf.

Even the newest sf book I bought, Geoffrey A. Landis's *Mars Crossing*, is a combination book in that it recaps what he learned about Mars via his experiments on the Mars Lander project and sets it against a survival trek narrative to rival Jon Krakauer's *Into Thin Air*, which was a true story of the 1996 Mt. Everest debacle. Combining other genres into sf seems a way of freshening a moribund set of tropes.

Which brings us to the final book I'll mention, *Distraction* by Bruce Sterling, which I stopped reading 80 pages from the end in February 2000. Just lost interest, and usually I like Sterling's work. Not sure why it failed me, or I failed it, but that's what happened. This was by far the most science fictional book on this paltry list. Sterling's credentials are impeccable, he's won awards and recognition, and he is among today's main sf writers.

And it's the one that failed me most of the handful of sf books I read. And I finished 72 books over the time frame covered in this column.

Is science fiction faded? Have we seen it all too many times?

Well, yes and no.

Yes, if one seeks more challenging, arresting, unexpected, even stunning material. Trouble is, saying this means either admitting to being jaded, or being accused of it. Have such folks just read too much? Do they know all the tricks, every move, and crave something mores stimulating?

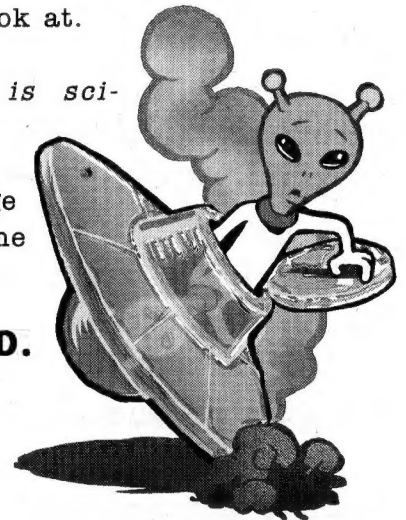
No, if one is content with rehashing the old standards, tracing the old shapes, and echoing the old masters. Not for nothing does Vernor Vinge's fiction edge out edgier books when Hugo rolls around. Not for nothing does Harry Potter bob to the top of the award lists.

It's up to each of us to decide. Make your own list. See how many really good science fiction novels you've read over the past year or so. See how many have enticed you to buy or even look at.

Feeling jaded? Or is science fiction faded?

Either way, a change might do us all some good.

END.



by Teej Grant

Paul Toland liked it best as high up as he could squirrel himself beneath the bridge, right up there at the nexus, where with superstructure of the bridge itself sliced in to connect with the finished concrete of the street. Here, with his bag of belongings, his bottle, and his razor, he felt safe and content. A small voice from his earlier life told him that this was only a primitive retreat to the womb fantasies that everyone had somewhere in their subconscious; he told the small voice to shut the hell up.

Paul was younger than most of the residents

under the bridge and in somewhat better condition (though certainly no poster boy for *Health & Fitness Magazine*), so he had little to fear from the rest of them. In fact, he was sort of like their king. As long as those damned spike-haired, body-pierced punkers stayed on their own turf, anyway.

Tonight was a sweet one. Late May, nighttime temperature hovering around seventy, almost too warm, but with a frisky and teasing wind to alleviate any discomfort, bringing with it the salty taste of the Bay. It was moonless and quiet, too. By four a.m., Paul was in a deep sleep that was unbroken by even the dreams that tended to haunt his nights.

(cont'd on pg.71)

FLESH & INK WITH MITCH

Do you have to love something to savagely satirize it? Is Mitch O'Connell an artist who's clearly powerless to look away from the car wreck that is American culture?

This fascination is evident in the title of his first self-published collection, *Good Taste Gone Bad*. Although I'd argue that it was the other way around: O'Connell isn't into 'good taste' in the slightest. He ironically depicts low-brow Americana in the slickest possible manner, thus rendering it 'good.' Throughout his career, both as a commercial illustrator and as an art-for-art-sake type, Mitch O'Connell has always pulled off this compelling contrast, with his amazing draftsmanship and the level of care he lavishes on degenerate pop culture signifiers.

His style has been informed by pulp illustration, clip art, and the entire graphic output of the fifties. Or, at least, that's part of the story. He's been in all the big time newsstand magazines. His tattoo was on the bicep of the biker dude who roughed you up at the pool hall last Saturday night. Whatever subject O'Connell's fixated on, it's captured in linework that's as tangy and tangible as the rubbery embossing on a cheap business card.



**An Interview with Mitch O'Connell
By Larry Rodman**

BRUT: Would you like to start by plugging your tattoo products? What's the thing you'd most like people to see at this moment?

MO'C: You're absolutely right. The thing I'm trying to plug right now is the Tattoo Flash.

BRUT: So, you're actively selling your designs to tattoo artisans nationally. What can you tell us about that?

MO'C: I'm learning [about the form]. And it's been an enjoyable process; figuring out how to get your stuff distributed. Learning to deal with printing places, [etc.] so it's been fun outside of actually producing the artwork. Like with self-publishing my own books. Getting it out there. And with Tattoo Flash, I'm going into a whole different community, with it's own little clique. We just took a trip to Kansas, so we made sure to hit all the tattoo places between Chicago and Kansas, and stopped by as many as we could. My wife and I would just take turns; I'd stay in the car with the kids, and she would run in with the Flash, and try to make a sale. And on the next stop, I would run out of the car, go in there for a couple of minutes, show the Flash off, and see if they wanted to buy it. It's fun instantly getting a hundred bucks for your Flash. An easy way to pay for the trip. Of course, the big kick is that I love doing the drawings. It was stuff I did on my own.

When I had breaks between my paying work. I really love the art form, the traditional tattoo designs. And to backtrack even further, people were often getting [tattoos of] my artwork. That inspired me. So when I decided to try the flash, it was with the goal to do artwork that's instantly recognizable as a tattoo, as if this M.O'C flash had been around since the forties. The feeling that you wandered into a tattoo parlor in 1950 and saw a cool flash on the walls. That's what I want to get across. I'm looking forward to seeing folks inked with these designs. When people get the tattoo, that's the payoff.

BRUT: On your website, when you see the term 'flash,' you kind of expect it to have something to do with the site itself, as though it were an animation program.

MO'C: Or even before that, you could interpret 'flash' to [be about] an exhibitionist.

BRUT: What does the term actually mean, in specific reference to the tattoos?

MO'C: It's always been called Flash, I guess 'cause it's always been flashy. I'm sure the term has been around forever for tattoo parlors. It draws the customer's interest when you put it up on the wall.

BRUT: This definitely ties into your interest in weird, funky Americana.

MO'C: Because it's such a traditional art form. Which gives it such a quality. I especially like the traditional old-school stuff. It's like some old Bluegrass song. We just rented Oh, Brother, Where Art Thou?, the Coen Brothers movie. And it had such good music in it; it seemed so authentic and so pure. They were singing old spirituals from that era, so we were just kind of engulfed by that music for a couple of days. The great old tattoos had that same just 'here's what it is.' No pretensions. It's just great.

BRUT: It's looking like the tattoo work may end up bridging the two worlds for you - the more commercial area and the stuff you've always loved.

MO'C: I loved the tattoo imagery and I loved how tattoos were such a pure solid art form. Also, they have the kind of allure of being a little underworld, a little dangerous. Plus they have great images: skulls, Satan. I mean, it's all the stuff I love drawing, so it was fun to think of concepts. There are plenty of artists that draw the same things that I do, like the devils and snakes and women. I always try to make it a point to be clever, or have some humor in there, a little self-deprecation. Not to just hit you over the head with 'Isn't this a shocking image' or 'Isn't this cool.' I make an attempt to be interesting on a few levels. Not that I pull it off, but I try. It's the ultimate high to have your art be the inspiration for a drawing that ends up on someone's skin. You can't get a higher compliment.





BRUT: That's wild! It makes you think of all the countless designs that went out without generations of tattoo artists being aware of them. From what you've seen, is there a credible level of craftsmanship of the average tattoo artist, the one who's actually etching your work into someone's arm? Are you in good hands with them, and their interpretation of the drawings?

MO'C: [It's beyond your control.] That's just how it goes. It's kind of a three tier [arrangement]. I'm like a third of the total art process. I do the Flash. The actual tattooist [constitutes] a third. And the person getting the artwork, I guess makes the trio. And even if it's drawn differently than mine, or nailed just the way I drew it, it's just someone else's interpretations. It comes with the territory. I don't mind how it looks when it's done; I guess it matters most to the person getting it tattooed on them. Any way it comes out, I'm going to be happy. I can enjoy someone else's take on the artwork. I love that type of self-taught, pure [expression]. Going back to the Bluegrass music, [etc.]. There's something when you get back to basic things, like if you're going to paint The Devil or going to paint Jesus. I mean, they just seem like basic, solid pillars. Something everybody can relate to, it's gone back forever. I was also in love with the sense of this intuitive type of self taught vision that you see in the old-school tattoos where it comes right out and its not filtered through someone else's teachings. It seems

more from the heart. I'd never be worried if they didn't capture exactly what I did. I would get even more of a kick if something came off differently, or strangely or better. It would all be appealing to me. I have to produce art that can be easily tattooed. I'm getting feedback from the tattooers saying '90% of your stuff is fantastically easily tattooable. You might have a problem here, a problem there.' Since I'm entering somebody else's field, I want to do it properly. I don't want to be someone who just puts out some pretty drawings and then let someone else have a headache, or try to do the impossible. You have to learn how to adapt your artwork to fit that whole different process.

BRUT: Shifting focus to your painting work, you're obviously at home in junk shops. A lot of the accessories for your world-view, all the context for this kitschy stuff has been dying out. They're part of the vanishing folkways you might say. Have you been able to raid any 'towns that time forgot' in your travels?

MO'C: Not particularly. The only environment that I can walk into that's full of kitsch is my basement. I know what you're saying [though], where something has lived [on].

BRUT: So you really do need to go out of your way to a junk shop to recreate that world.





MO'C: I go to flea markets. I'll go to a flea market this Sunday with my friends. Or if nothing else, I'll punch a few words into ebay and see what clicks up.

BRUT: You're definitely into a full visual assault of American kitsch. Ok, I hate that there's no other word you can use for it at this point. It'd be really great to come up with a different word than 'kitsch.'

MO'C: First we need a new word for 'cutting edge.' We can retire that [term], and we'll move onto 'kitsch' next.

BRUT: I have a friend who's deeply into the ebay culture. And among other things, he's essentially focused on this one defunct, non-chain fifties motor lodge in Mississippi, The Magnolia. He's trying to reconstruct the spirit of the Magnolia from matchbooks, monogrammed towels, ashtrays.

MO'C: Cool.

BRUT: On the flip side of that, in your paintings, it seems like you're into randomness for the sake of atmosphere. Apparently, you aren't necessarily trying to recreate a sense of time and place in a purposeful archival way.

MO'C: I pick up the actual items because they're visually interesting, and because I really like what they are, or because they're very odd, or I can't believe they got someone to mass-produce it, and people purchased it. It's hard to believe that chain of events took place to make this item, which now seems so unbelievably tacky or distasteful.

BRUT: So, that's subject matter in itself. Is it mostly a case where something looked normal at one point, and then just got lost in the fluctuations of consumer culture, until finally, there's no way to perceive it as normal anymore? Or is there stuff that's always been just damn weird?

MO'C: I'm sure there are things that people perceived in different ways, that were once nothing out of the ordinary. And then times change, and they become strange. Then people get used to them again. Everybody agrees that they're kitsch for a while, then that dissipates. Like the rise and fall of anybody's fad, or fashion, or opinion.

BRUT: It's obvious that you're obsessive about the craft and the visualization of what you do.

MO'C: Right.



BRUT: In some of your comics in the collection *Pwease Wuv Me!* you go through a whole progression of linked references, things which might not have any meaning outside your own thought process. As an objective thing, are you at all interested in conveying meaning, or are you more interested in the surface assault?

MO'C: The point with most of the art in the *Wuv Me!* book is to have an outlet for stuff that I really wanted to draw. I'm doing it for my own enjoyment. I'm not getting rich off it. It's packed with personal imagery. People either get a kick out of it or they don't.

BRUT: It's more of an act of plumbing the subconscious? Your structural concentration appears to go into the pieces involving sixty disparate elements, and what it takes to hold it all together at the foundation level. Without some pre-meditation, those montages would just be mush.

MO'C: Well, I know, even when I have all these different styles working because I've used found images, it kind of holds it all together when I put my slick veneer style over the whole thing. It kind of ties the whole package into one image.

BRUT: If you've got a picture with 80 elements working with each other, you probably have a central image, but how does the whole thing evolve? Do you have to have reference materials and clips at the ready? How intuitive is that activity?

MO'C: It's planned out. You get the basic idea in your head. You start sketching it. You know, as you start actually drawing then things start to come more into play, and you start getting a better picture of what your results might end up being. You realize, 'I can fit these images here,' these images tie together a certain way, and wouldn't it be cool to have a juxtaposition of something/[here]. I have file cabinets of file folders labeled everything from 'Clip Art: 50's Men' to '70's Lamps.' There are files of cool images I plan to stick in paintings

like an eyeball peeking through a keyhole, a monkey on a pogo stick, or just wacky midgets wrestling, or whatever. I have them all there. Then I get a theme going. Maybe just pull images out, and the ones that strike me as might be working, I throw on the side. And of course, I do the grunt work. I'll have my wife pose for me, or I'll take pictures of the kids, and sketch it. So I do a lot of the drawing stuff from the ground up. The Jesus on the side [panel] is from a statue that I have, so I sat here and sketched the statue and redrew it on to the page. What I wanted to get across with the cover of the book [to use that as an example] I have that big wrap-around. Beginning on the left, I have Christ with the Sacred Heart, looking for lost souls. So I had specific things I wanted: Christ, people in despair, or feeling lost. And I wanted to have him knocking on the door of this house where more of that is going on.



Unpleasant things are happening [on the back cover]. And the front cover was our particular house; I've got my wife and my kids. And on the last flap I have the Second Coming where I have other people who have died and gone up to Heaven, and everybody's happy again. Somewhat. It's a theme I had going there. So the example is me plugging in images I find interesting for the purple house, where everything is bare and you have people on drugs, murders and death and Satan. And the same thing with the front cover, for the happy, cheerful, kitschy, overly cute things.

BRUT: Some of it is disturbingly familiar, though I couldn't exactly tell you why. So, your densest pictures can be broken down and analyzed. It should've been pretty obvious, at least in terms of the tone you set out to get. That's really helpful. It was right in front of me, but I can't tell you I've actually been able to focus in on it in that way because of how involved everything is.

MO'C: Right.

BRUT: I look at it and go, 'well, that's disturbing for some reason, and that's pukey-cute, and I like it, but it's

still disturbing.' The distinctions in the subject matter don't necessarily come forward. It's good to know that they exist. It always makes more sense to look at a painting from the artist's perspective. So this cover piece is essentially structured as though it's a four-panel painting to be seen on a wall.

MO'C: Exactly.

BRUT: I'm looking at the book [Please Wuv Me!]...

MO'C: Let me go get one. [Wryly] I'm only down to two thousand copies, so it's kind of hard to find one. It's tough to own a self-publishing empire, and have room in the garage for the car.

BRUT: On page 48. I can't tell you how much I love that picture. It's not just that it's accessible to a stupid degree, whereas there are other images that you need to work at. But it's also a riff on a formula gag cartoon that could run in Parade magazine, or Good Housekeeping.

MO'C: I had a good amount of leeway to do what I wanted. [That one] was for a record album. It was a single with each side by a different group. One band didn't want me to try anything sexy or lewd or too provocative. And the other said, 'No, go ahead and draw something wild.' And I tried to tie them together that way, by just drawing the couple listening to the party going on next door. Make both people happy, one really lewd and one fairly tame.

BRUT: Well, like anything else in the book, all these paintings, where you've recklessly just gone over the edge, it's taken to such an extreme that it makes it really funny. Beyond that, I think it might be really easy to underestimate how much technical quality went into that.

MO'C: Now you're talkin'!

BRUT: It's not as showy as some of the other stuff, but everything in there works so well. Plus, I'm hot for the chick on the guy's back. What can I tell you?

MO'C: [Laughs] Great!

BRUT: With all the drive-in movies, Barbies, Tor Johnson and Betty Page, Spook Shows and carnies,

is there any danger of taking all the anachronistic campy subject matter past the point of saturation? Are artists running out of new stuff to do with these things?

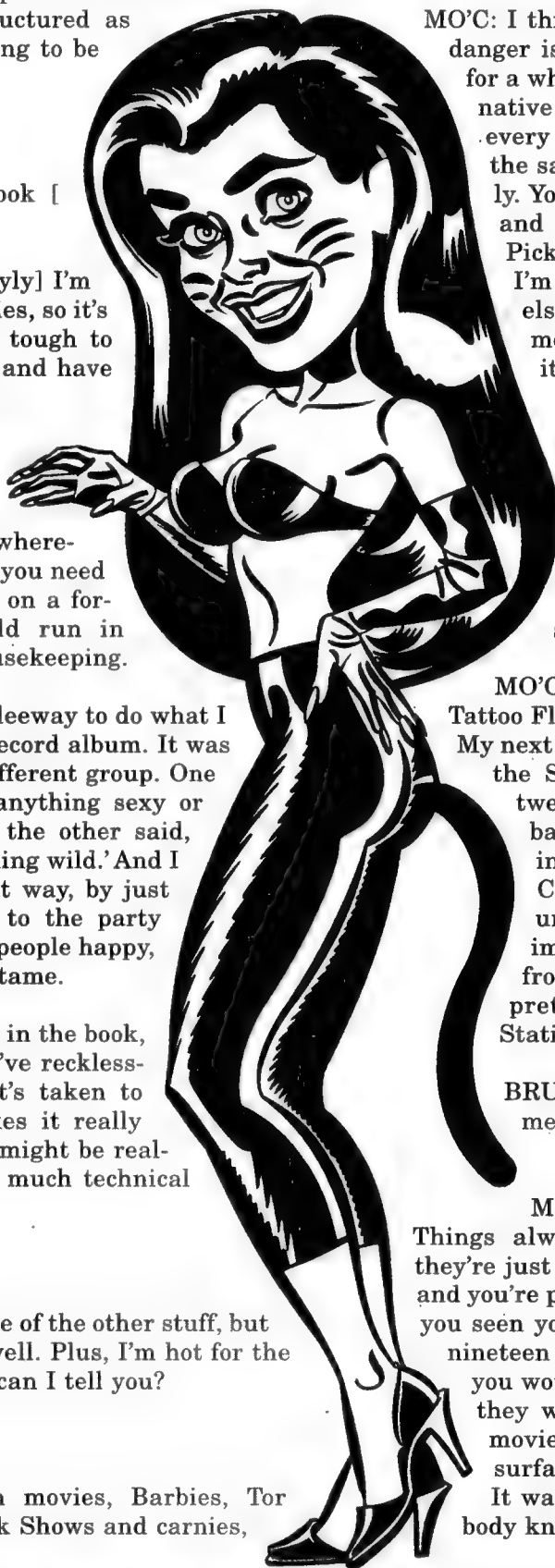
MO'C: I think the danger isn't running out, the danger is running it into the ground. I know for a while there, when you pick up the alternative magazines, like Juxtapoz, it seemed every so-called alternative artist had, like, the same five images rearranged differently. You had a Devil girl and a killer clown, and you had a Big Daddy Roth hot rod. Pick two other endlessly repeated images. I'm sure I'm just as guilty as anybody else. It wasn't inventive and clever anymore. Once everybody is in on the joke, it ruins [it].

BRUT: Are you consciously trying to outpace the predictability factor? Assuming all the hip young painters in America were focusing on carnival art or The Three Stooges all at the same time, would that force you into a more extreme stance?

MO'C: Or just different. I worked on my Tattoo Flash for a year, and finally got it done. My next big personal project is I want to paint the Stations of the Cross, which will be twelve paintings. I want to do a real bang-up job with those. I've been buying old books of the Stations of the Cross, so I can read about them, and understand the meaning behind all the imagery, and see where I can take it from there. I think the bandwagon's pretty empty for folks redoing the Stations.

BRUT: That's not so, you don't still do a mean Criswell, Vampira and Ed Wood.

MO'C: Well, it's like anything else. Things always seem to be the coolest when they're just starting to bubble up to the surface, and you're part of the smaller group saying 'Have you seen you seen Glen or Glenda?' Think of it nineteen years or so, back in '79 or so, when you would go to a revival theatre and maybe they would have a double-bill of Ed Wood movies, and it wasn't like everyone on the surface of the planet knew about Ed Wood. It was more like a cult thing. Once everybody knows about it, it's not as fun anymore.



BRUT: Your first and maybe last extensive comics effort was the fashion-plate detective book, *The World of Ginger Fox* in 1986..

MO'C: [I thought] 'This is really going to look so eighties,' [but at the time] you'd never really know what the eighties were going to look like. When I look back it's pushing up the sleeves on your jacket, that's eighties. I had the mullet back then, before it had a name. It looked great to me then. Now my head's shaved.

BRUT: It's pretty clear that you approach the comics differently than you do your stand-alone images.

MO'C: I've always loved comics, and the first job I always wanted to have as a kid from the age of thirteen to seventeen, was getting a job drawing comics. So I was constantly submitting my art to Marvel and DC, and constantly getting usually very pleasant rejection letters. So that's why only real thing I did was that *Ginger Fox* graphic novel, and just a smattering of things here and there, just because I have friends who draw comics, and they draw like fourteen hours a day. I don't want to draw fourteen hours a day on someone's comic. The financial reward seems so miniscule unless you're the King of the Comics. And comics themselves seem to be just dying from the face of the earth. So there's no payoff anywhere to doing them, except to do them for your own enjoyment. That's why I did the *Poodleman* one, it's like this straight ahead not really straight ahead, at least visually somewhat straight ahead, superhero story. [As opposed to] the other ones, the more surreal, abstract ones. Since I always liked comics, especially as a kid, I loved the storytelling aspects, I loved panels, and just having the artwork broken up and telling a story. It's fun. I also thought that when I do a third book, it'll be just big images of art work, there won't be any comics in it. I thought too, when this came out not that I'm full of myself, but a lot of the *Pwease Wuv Me!* book kind of got dismissed

quickly because people just saw comics and said it's not worth really looking at, or looking at too deeply.

BRUT: They're extremely unusual.

MO'C: Yeah. I like them.

BRUT: It looks like the comics format is just another way of organizing your information, instead of scattering it all over the page. Your approach with the surreal ones can be possibly even more evocative, or confusing, or put your head in a vice, even more so than the illustrations. I must ask you this. Billy, from *The Family Circus*, ends up making a number of appearances. There aren't that many other identifiable comics characters. Actually, there's the little devil from *Harvey Comics*.

MO'C: Hot Stuff.

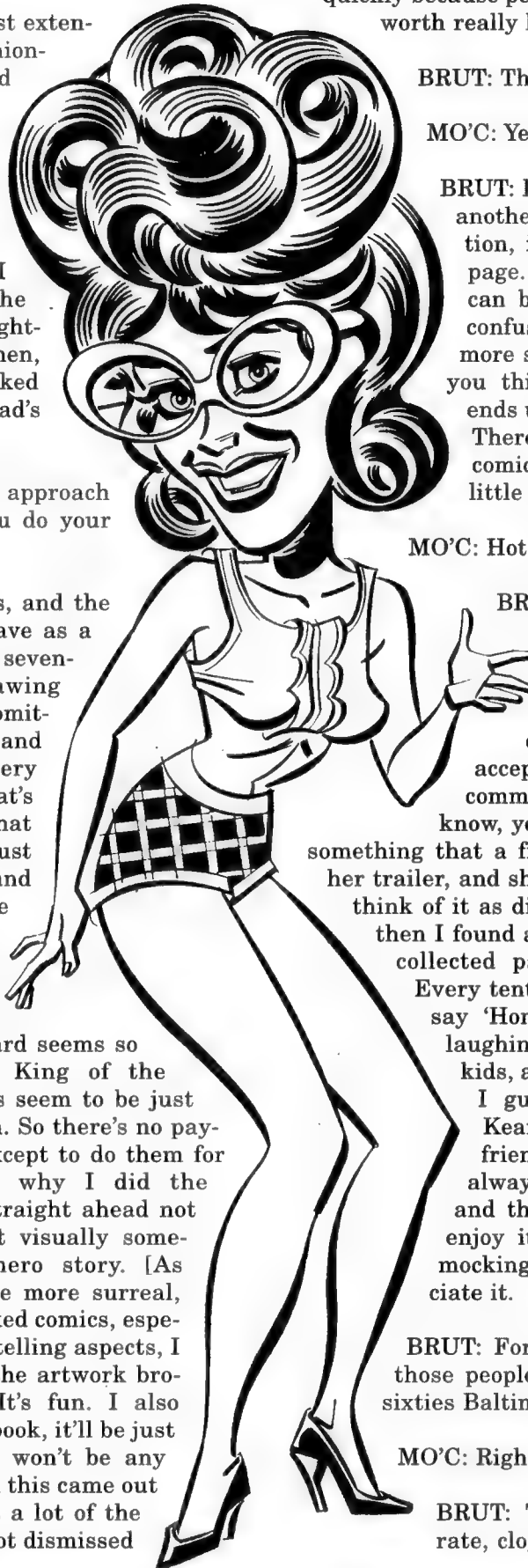
BRUT: That's him. Does Billy represent anything specific to you? Or is he just like 'generic cute kid'?

MO'C: I guess it's a good example of my mocking, but also liking accepted, thought of as bland, lowest common denominator items. Because, you know, you look at *Family Circus*, and here's something that a fifty-year-old grandma is reading in her trailer, and she's getting a big laugh out of it. You think of it as dismissible, and I'm sure I have, and then I found at a flea market like twenty of these collected paperbacks of *The Family Circus*. Every tenth one I think 'boy is this funny.' I'd say 'Honey, look at this joke,' and I was laughing. And of course, when you have kids, and they say the funniest things, like I guess with *Family Circus*, he [Bill Keane] just uses all his relatives and friends and acquaintances, and they're always writing down things their kids say and then he uses it in the comic strip. I enjoy it. On one level, I've joined in the mocking. And on another level, I also appreciate it.

BRUT: For my part, I specifically know that those people lived down the street from me in sixties Baltimore.

MO'C: Right.

BRUT: There's just this sickeningly accurate, cloying feel to the strip. Do you attach



anything similar to it? Or is it an open ended, universal thing?

MO'C: As we were saying earlier, all these comics were drawn from personal experience. All the visuals in these personal comics mean something to me [including the swipe of Billy], and I'm sure I don't live in a vacuum. I've experienced a lot of the same images that millions of other people did and I'm sure they probably have similar reactions too. So when using things that hit me a certain way, it's not going to be an odd coincidence if it hits somebody else the same way.

BRUT: Do you think of yourself as a tormented artist?

MO'C: I'm definitely not the tortured artist. I'm a cheerful artist. It's good to mix in the pleasantness with the unpleasantness. The saint and the sinner. In a lot of my visuals, I always try to [deal with] the struggle between good and evil. Doing right and doing wrong. That's a basic human thing. It's also a more interesting visual than just one or the other. Like in my Tattoo Flash, I have a cute little bunny, and he's holding a little devil chick in one hand and an angel chick in the other hand. He's sweating, and I think the line is 'What to do?' And then I think one chick is saying 'Be Good,' and one is saying 'Be Bad.' The bunny can't quite make up his mind.

BRUT: It's in fun, but it's not mindless stuff. There's an ideological struggle going on, beyond the fact that there's so much of the picture to absorb.

MO'C: When I do my own stuff, there actually is meaning and story, and plenty of stuff behind it. I'm not just tacking a lot of wacky images together.

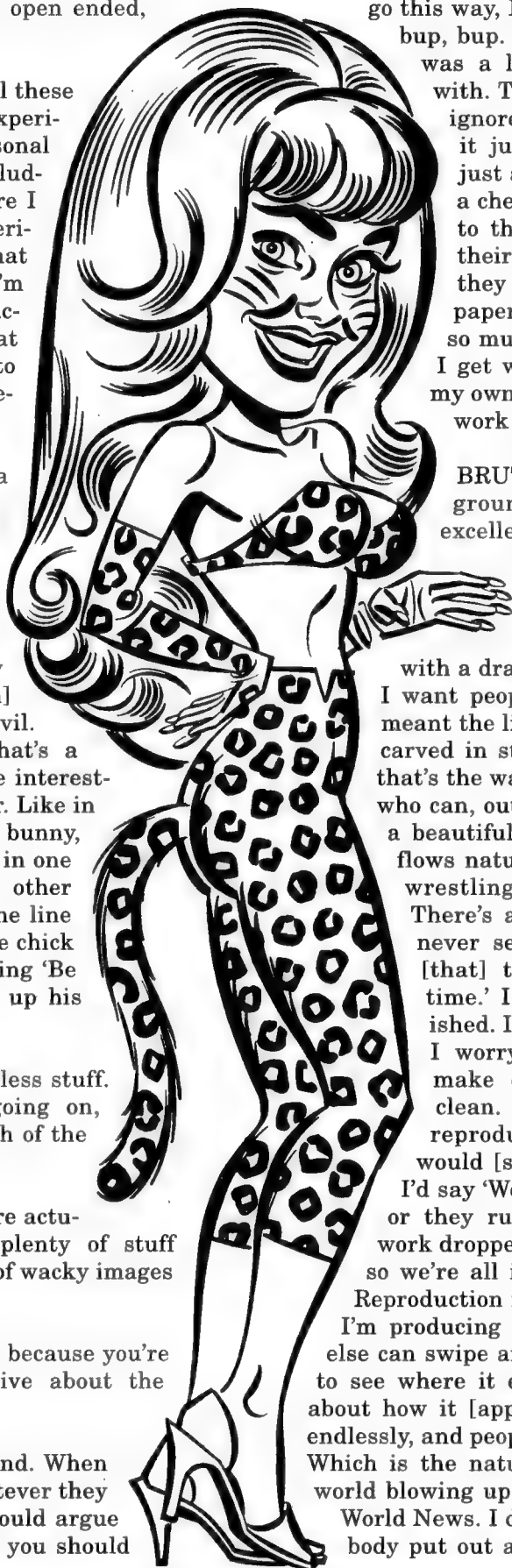
BRUT: I was wondering about that, because you're obviously really good and obsessive about the stringing of links of images.

MO'C: I'm going to segue for a second. When I do a commercial job, I just do whatever they want. Maybe fifteen years ago, I would argue with art directors, and say I think you should

go this way, I think I should draw it this. Bup, bup, bup. I had an opinion on everything. I was a little more difficult to get along with. They'd say, "do it this way", and I'd ignore them and do it my way. I learned it just wasn't worth the hassle. I've just accepted when someone writes me a check to do something, I'm just going to think of myself as an extension of their arm. The job is to get across what they have in their minds, get it on paper and make them happy. It made it so much easier to separate the two. So, I get whatever out I want to get out of my own work, and then think of the other work that pays me as what it is: a job.

BRUT: Your own work is apparently so grounded in precision or technical excellence. The subject matter is one thing, but the execution is flawless.

MO'C: I figure, when I end up with a drawing, it's going to be so tight that I want people to know that this is where I meant the line to be. It's going to be solid and carved in stone. Not that I'm right, it's just that's the way I do a drawing. I admire artists who can, out of their heads, just sit and draw a beautiful drawing. It seems the line just flows naturally. With me, it's more like I'm wrestling this drawing to the ground. There's a lot of fudging and sweating. It never seems to be a victory. It's mostly [that] the match is 'called because of time.' I want to make it slick and finished. I like having a solid image because I worry about reproduction; I want to make every line solid and crisp and clean. [I've had] the experience of poor reproduction or crappy jobs. When I would [show a printed piece] to friends, I'd say 'Well, the original looks a lot better,' or they ruined the color here, or the line work dropped out. That happens to everybody, so we're all in the same boat. [Fatalistically] Reproduction is reproduction. I also do clip art. I'm producing art that down the line someone else can swipe and turn the tables on me. It's fun to see where it ends up. So I don't really worry about how it [appears]. Clip art gets reproduced endlessly, and people just do what they want with it. Which is the nature of it. I did a drawing of the world blowing up, and that made it to the Weekly World News. I did a drawing of Santa. And somebody put out an S & M catalogue. I did a back



view of Santa sitting in his chair, and someone else had drawn these two women wrestling and put them in front of my drawing of Santa, and that was the cover of the S & M catalogue. I've done drawings of the flag and fireworks that ended up on NRA mailings. So it's just wacky to see where it goes.

BRUT: 'Art for the Masses.' That ties into the naivety theme somewhat.

MO'C: When I say 'naive' [I just mean, as opposed to] something that's been overly produced, thought out or cynical. Whether it's good or bad, it just seems more straightforward.

BRUT: Yeah, that unguarded quality. Which is an interesting contrast; you respond so strongly to simpler things, yet your drawings look like they were done with razors or lasers. But it's obvious that it's the content that you're most affectionate about. I don't know whether it's meant as a direct homage, but your aesthetic seems to hearken to a time when extremely able technicians were illustrating popular magazines back in the day.

MO'C: That type of artwork really impresses me. I have these old illustration school how-to books from the fifties. It's just stunning how well these people could draw. They knew how fabric folded; they knew all the anatomy; they knew how to draw people. It's very impressive. I don't know if it's true or not but it seems like in the last twenty years or so, people have gone in for 'I have to get a style,' and can skip over the actual groundwork of knowing the basics. And knowing how to tell a story and this and that. 'I want to go right to my wacky, eye-grabbing, attention getting style.' Or learn how to draw things for shock value, and it just seems so empty. There's nothing solid behind it. Do I sound like I'm 90? Why, in my day.

BRUT: You've bothered to do some of the groundwork, and you're coming from a very stable position as a draftsman.

MO'C: Right. I mean, I'm sure not comparing myself to these people who were drawing Saturday Evening Post illustrations back in the forties and fifties, or the people from the instruction manuals. I mean they could draw rings around me. I just knock myself out in trying to reach that level of quality when I can. I try to nail these things, and try to get it right on the money. The effort shows occasionally, and sometimes my talent isn't up to the task at hand. What can I do? I try harder next time.

BRUT: As for recognition, your work has been everywhere over the years. I've been aware of it pretty much forever. I think you might be more familiar to people as

a commercial artist, and that's sort of high-profile yet anonymous in a utilitarian sense. Do you have any concept of the international audience for you as an artist, and do you think that your stuff reads about the same way anywhere because of the pervasiveness of Western Pop?

MO'C: I wish I had an answer as succinct as the question. I would think my art would be popular. I would like to see my art out there in other countries, because I would think my art seems so American that I think it would have some chance of being popular, or visually interesting to [those in] other places. I'd like to figure out how to sell stuff in Tokyo.

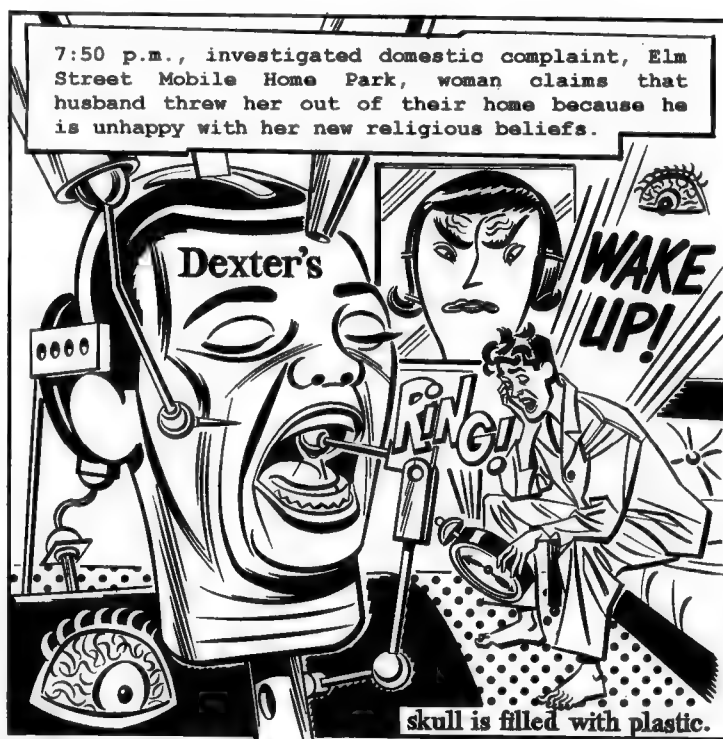
BRUT: That's the first place that would've come to mind.

MO'C: Yeah, it came to my mind. It has to come to a lot of other people's minds I guess, besides just mine and yours.

BRUT: They love to appropriate American iconography.

MO'C: Now that I've put out the Flash, I've had multiple companies approach me about merchandising my stuff. You know, the typical route; t-shirts, stickers, lighters, blah, blah, blah. So, maybe that'll be kicking in soon, I'll see what happens. I'd like to have ten years of Peter Max stardom and riches, then I'd love to have people so sick of seeing my art everywhere that I could take the next twenty years off.

END



BARNEY

THE BOMB SNIFFING DOG

Barney



By John Terhorst ©02
in: What a Pickle-
dicklement

I'm
Sad
with:
Mr. Pickle

Hi Mr. Pickle I haven't
seen you for a while.



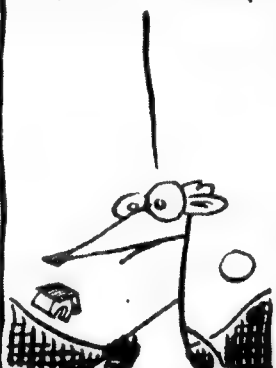
I have been hanging low
a bit depressed.



But I am out
today. It's a
beautiful day.



Why do you feel blue?
Life is so wonderful.



You know it
has to do with
my family.



If you
want
to.



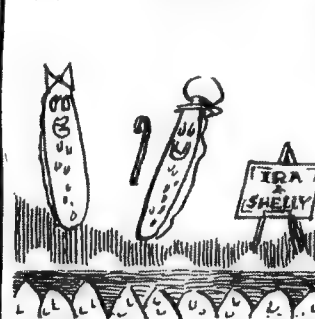
Mom and dad were in
the vaudville brine
circuit.



Pickles would come from
far and wide to see them.



But one night I lost
them when a fire burned
down the theater...



...and I lost
them...now I have
friends like you
Barney you won't
leave me.



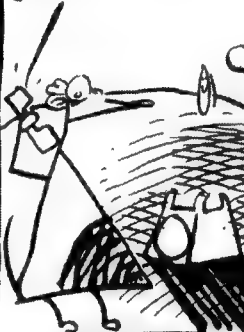
No not me I
would never leave
you, Mr. Pickle.



RING



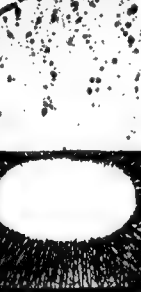
Barney we have a
bomb for you to
sniff.



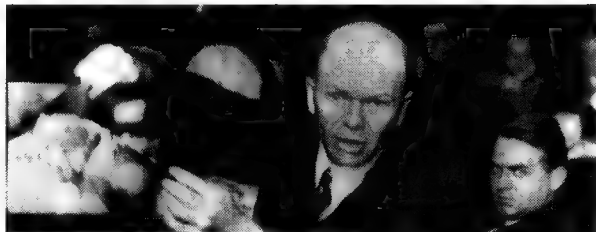
Through that door
Barney!



GOOD
DOG
BARNEY



Killers on the Loose



by Paul A. Toth

Antonio Mendoza's *Killers on the Loose* (Virgin Publishing currently it's available only in the UK and through amazon.co.uk but will appear in the U.S. in 2001) depicts a very scary situation: At any given time, some 30 to 50 serial killers are on the loose in America, getting away with murder. As Mendoza states, serial killers do not learn from their mistakes. If they escape justice, they simply move on, and it's only a matter of time before they kill again.



Mendoza is a Cuban-American living in Los Angeles, where he works as an author and artist. He has also worked as a journalist and translator.

Q: The statistics I've seen suggest at least half of all serial killers are never caught. What is the number one reason so many serial killers evade capture?

A: It is really hard to guess what percentage of serial killers are getting caught and how many are getting away with murder. Some cases receive press attention because of the type of victim or number of people killed. But there are many more cases that hardly make the news. Furthermore, many serial killers go completely undetected by

police. It's surprising how many serial killers are arrested by chance or turn themselves in at a time police didn't even suspect there was a serial killer on the loose.

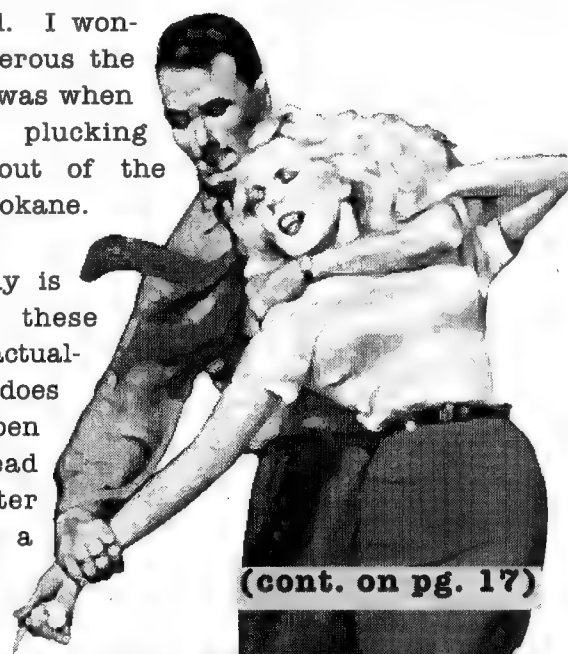
Q: Do authorities give up after a while? Or do they remain vigilant?

A: Authorities keep unsolved cases around forever. Sometimes they assign them to a fresh set of eyes to uncover previously undetected evidence. In general, investigators will keep unsolved cases open long after the investigation has stopped being a priority. If, for instance, the killer has not surfaced for a year or two, funding for the investigation might be cut. Something similar happened in the Spokane serial killer case. After the killer was inactive for about a year and a half, the city cut the funding of the task force.

Fortunately, officers had a lucky break days after the cutbacks were announced that led to the arrest of the suspect, Robert Lee Yates. A career army veteran and father of five, Yates has now been charged with the murder of 10 drug-addicted prostitutes. Ironically, when the investigation was in full swing, police ran out of funds and had to ask the community for help.

Now that a suspect is in custody, the Rotary Club and other community organizations have donated up to \$7,000 to the family of the alleged killer to keep them out of debt in their upper middle-class neighborhood. I wonder how generous the Rotary Club was when Yates was plucking prostitutes out of the streets of Spokane.

Q: How likely is it some of these killers are actually dead, and does it ever happen that a dead man is later identified as a serial killer?



(cont. on pg. 17)

WHO NEEDS SNUFF?



by Paul A. Toth

The snuff film, narrowly defined, is labeled by most as urban legend.

The definition: Murder staged and filmed for entertainment purposes.

No one has yet turned up evidence of such a film, including Al Goldstein of Screw Magazine, who offered a \$100,000 00 reward for proof. Still the legend persists, propagated by anti-pornographers like feminist and First Amendment threat, Catherine MacKinnon. Do the enemies of sex and violence in entertainment harbor a larger demand for snuff than exists anywhere else?

To settle the question, the FBI investigated the existence of snuff films over some 25 years. Their report, obtained through a Freedom of Information Act request by APBNews.com, says a lot about urban legends in general, snuff films in particular and, most interestingly of all, the peculiar need to believe snuff exists when it may, in fact, not.

The FBI investigation was triggered by a 1974 letter from the Cleveland-based Citizens for Decency through Law (CDL) to the Office of the Attorney General. The letter purported to

expose the oneupmanship of pornographers, who supposedly had systematically progressed from simulated sex to orgies to murder: "From pinups to rape-murder in less than one generation!" the letter cried.

The Attorney General's office forwarded the letter to the FBI, and there began this strange story of your government at work, following the threads of myth, all at the bequest of a lobbying group capable of sentences like, "Pornography is taking a strangle hole [sic] on the very sensibilities of the people of this country." Wouldn't the FBI suspect it might find out about the existence of snuff before a paranoid watchdog group?

The Office of the Director of the FBI responded to the Attorney General, informing that it had received no verification of snuff films, but had learned such films were rumored to have been produced in Mexico. The FBI quoted an article included with the Citizens for Decency letter, which happened to have been written by its national director: "These incredible films culminate in the actual murder of a human being during a sex orgy — thus providing the ultimate 'kick' for sick porno voyeurs." Hey, ho, daddy-o.

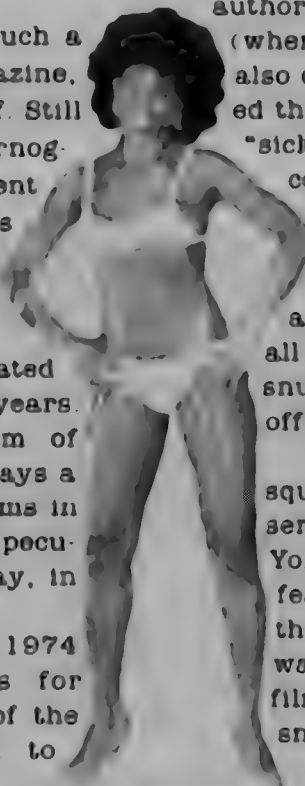
But what if snuff simply did not exist? Who was getting—and providing—the real sick kick? Could it be those who so feared snuff that they had imagined it into existence?

The FBI sent requests for further info to authorities in Cleveland and Los Angeles (where rumors about the Mexican films had also circulated). Los Angeles soon responded that its vice department had only heard "sick rumors" about snuff and had never confirmed its existence.

Cleveland did the same, noting its information had come from the CDL, as had L.A.'s. Atlanta, New Orleans and New York were soon contacted, but all denied they had any evidence of snuff. Both L.A. and Cleveland's FBI offices suspended the investigation.

Then, in 1975, a New Orleans vice squad member claimed to have seen a series of pornographic films at a New York law enforcement conference, all featuring the same woman who was, on the last reel, decapitated. The series was called "Snuffers" and apparently filmed in South America. Snuff was un-snuffed and the investigation rekindled.

(cont. on pg. 17)





A: Most serial killer literature says that once you start killing you never stop. Serial killers like the Green River Killer, who killed more than 40 women over a two-year period, did not just stop and move on to another stage in his life that did not involve sexual killings. He either moved, was arrested for an unrelated crime, was hospitalized, or died.

Q: Obviously the chances of being killed by a serial killer are remote, but what if any traits do almost all serial killers possess?

A: The general traits of serial killers are they come from abusive households, like to set fires and torture animals when they were young, are bedwetters, have some type of brain damage, and have low self-esteem. As children, many may have been sexually abused by their parents or other adults. In general, they are also alcoholics and are addicted to drugs. Some are adopted, others come from single-parent homes in which the mother might work as a prostitute. As for their victim choice, by and large serial killers kill prostitutes, especially drug-addicted prostitutes. This is because they are the easiest demographic to prey upon: they are likely to get into a car with a stranger and no one — including police, social groups and the media — would notice or care to notice when they disappear.

The majority of prostitutes suffer from post-traumatic stress disorders, making it nearly impossible for many of them to get out of the life and stop being such an easy prey for these killers.

Although there are some serial killers who hunt children and housewives, they are much more common in films. In reality nine out of ten are killing drug-addicted prostitutes. Of the eighteen unsolved cases I wrote about in my book, fourteen of them involved the murder of prostitutes.



Q: How much does public fascination with serial killers actually fuel their lust to kill?

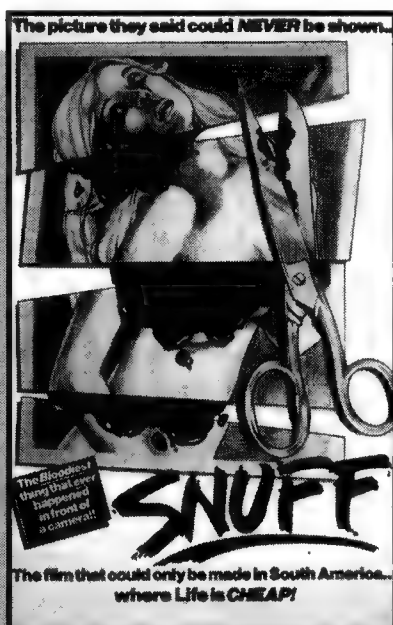
A: It seems that most serial killers are happy to remain anonymous. I doubt many serial killers are fervently reading serial killer books or logging into my web site to trigger their lust for blood. If they did they probably wouldn't be killing people. It seems that the public's fascination with serial killers becomes a factor once they get caught. When they are in custody they start selling art in E-Bay, marrying groupies and basking in their infamy.

Q: Most think advances in DNA testing will make it easier for authorities to link serial killers to victims. Has DNA testing brought results yet?

(Snuff cont.)

The story hit the papers, including the New York Post and Daily News. Porn producers were contacted by various authorities but none confirmed the he-saw, she-saw reports. Yet New York's FBI office had sources "known to be reliable" who did... apparently the New York Post reporter.

The investigation quickly spread to Detroit, Washington, D.C. and other cities, but no one could confirm "Snuffers" existed. However, the Chicago vice squad did report its knowledge



that viewing of the film could be had at 200 bucks a pop.

Then, in 1975, an advertisement for a film called "Snuff" appeared in Box Office magazine. Was this "Snuffers"? Controversy simmered and then reached a bubbling boil as the papers picked up the story of Monarch films' latest masterpiece, its other movies including "Revenge of the Cheerleaders" and "Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth." The Hollywood trades reported Monarch's hopes that it would exploit the public confusion over whether "Snuff" was real.

The film would premier in, of all places, Indianapolis, perhaps chosen by

A: DNA testing and computerized national violent crime data banks have completely changed the way authorities track down serial killers. In 1999, in the Chicago neighborhood of Englewood, police genetically identified four sexual predators active at the same time. Previously, once once suspect was arrested they would pin all other murders on them. Now they know they are looking for more than one killer, making their investigation much more complicated. But then it makes it very easy to narrow down the suspect list.



The advent of DNA technology allows police to open old cases to test genetic evidence to determine the identity of the killer. In Scotland they identified a serial killer known in the sixties as Bible John using a technique called MTDNA.

The process matches DNA taken from a relative of the suspect with genetic traces found in the archived evidence. In the Bible John case they used a sperm sample taken from the tights of one of the victims.

Recently, California authorities said they will exhume the corpse of a person they believe could be the Zodiac Killer. Police plan to do a DNA comparison with evidence found in a Riverside crime scene more than 30 years ago. DNA is revolutionizing the investigative field, though also data analysis, luck and old-fashioned police work is needed to get the job done.



Monarch in hopes that daffy Mid-west-erners would register that much more shock and, of course, generate publicity. An agent from the Indianapolis FBI office planned to attend (cost: \$7.50). So far federal investigators actually believed a production company had managed to release a film depicting murder at an Indianapolis theater.

Attendance at the premier was disappointing. The FBI noted that all of 12 people showed up, including its own agents, a physician (who would attempt to discern whether any murders were real) and a couple of Indianapolis vice agents.

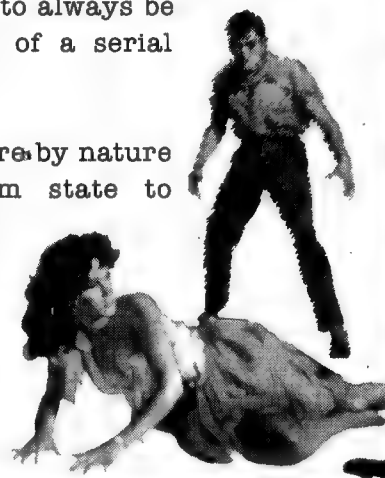
Q: Do serial killers who evade detection stop killing after a while, knowing they'll be caught otherwise, or are they more likely still committing murders, but never linked to past killings in other locations?



A: It is very unlikely that a serial killer would satisfy his or her urge to kill and stop killing. Once you become a serial killer there's no turning back, unless you die, fall sick, or go to jail. In general, if a serial killer who is active in an area stops killing, it can only mean that they died, were arrested for another unrelated crime, were incapacitated by illness, or moved to another area where they have continued killing. When the Green River Killer stopped killing in Seattle, investigators flew to San Diego, Hawaii and Los Angeles in search of a suspect. Sometimes there can be long gaps between killings, but the urge to kill seems to always be in the back of the mind of a serial killer.

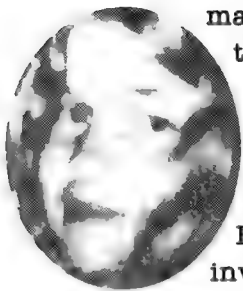
Q: I take it serial killers are by nature wanderers, moving from state to state? And how much does this contribute to their escaping capture?

A: Many serial killers are truckers and drifters,



The report notes that the film begins with the actress "snuffing cocaine" (so for a moment it really was a snuff film, of sorts). An hour and a half long, the movie sported "practically every type of sexual perversion, including sodomy, bestiality and lesbianism." Up to 20 murders were "committed," but the naughty bits never shown. The last scene depicted one film crew filming another filming the next-to-last murder — that is, creating a snuff film.

The doctor at the FBI's employ found no evidence the murders were real and the Assistant D.A. declined to press charges. Los Angeles agents confirmed same and found the film failed to qualify as pornography, much less snuff. Other offices followed with their own confirmation that the film



making it easier for them to go undetected. If each crime is committed in a different county or different state, it would take a DNA match or an alert crime data analyzer to discover linkage in the killings. In Houston a special crimes services investigator was the one who alerted

the rangers of the possible links between two murders that led to the eventual arrest of the railroad killer. But once the M.O. was established by the killer and genetic evidence is matched, police are able to correlate other cases to build a case against any suspected killer.

Q: Does funding of police and other authorities affect their ability to capture serial killers? Or is their capture one of those social problems no amount of money will alone solve?

A: Police funding obviously helps investigators by giving them access to better investigative tools as well as more bodies to do the footwork. But money is desperately needed to help drug-addicted prostitutes. If more money was devoted to groups helping street women, there would be marked decrease in serial killing. Not only would it save the lives of the women, but it might also get them out of their inhuman living conditions.



Q: Writing your book must have been a rather dark experience. Did you have trouble "shaking off" the book after completing it?

A: Writing the book was grueling in that the act of writing itself is pretty difficult. I've been researching the subject for five years so I don't find the facts that disturbing. Once I finished the

was a cheap hoax. Hopefully, agents refrained from popcorn and Goobers.

In 1986, the film re-emerged in Kentucky along with three other videos, briefly hopping back on the FBI's paper trail, but this time Snuff was more quickly snuffed.

So does real snuff exist? It's doubtful when you consider the FBI was willing to send agents to the screening of an obvious fake, and not just in one but several cities. That's enough to make Dirty Harry look a bit lacking in the vigilance department.

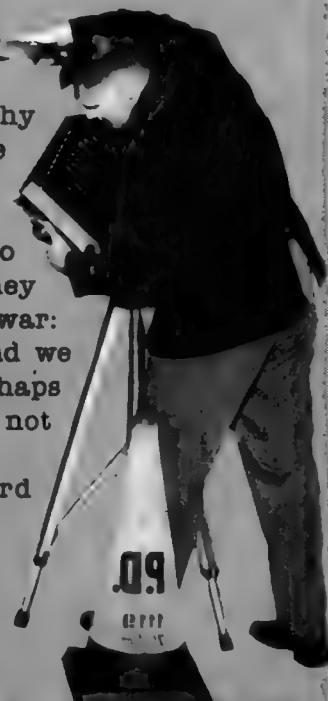
Perhaps more interesting is the very definition of snuff. If the nonstop war footage shown on The History Channel was not filmed for entertainment purposes, but still serves as entertainment, does it make a difference? If the Kennedy assassination is shown over and over again in an Oliver Stone film, can it escape being labeled murder as entertainment? The grisly surgery shown on many cable networks: Who is watching and why? Reality programming too replays tragic calamities, including one episode in which I watched the trapped driver of a race car burn alive for several very long minutes. It was an accident, no question, but does that change my motivation in watching it? Take it a step further. Should the police

erect screens around highway accidents, preventing our thirsty eyes from drinking up the accidental violence?

Because despite the FBI's findings, or lack thereof, the fascinating thing about snuff is the almost instinctual need of some to believe it exists. A feminist like MacKinnon, who would ban nearly all sexual material, needs snuff because it "proves" her contention that pornography not only leads to violence against women, but is itself violence against women. Local authorities need to believe in snuff the way they need to believe in the drug war: I arrest, therefore I am. And we need to believe in snuff perhaps because at least we're not watching that, yet.

Only some sick bastard would do that.

End



book I was physically and mentally exhausted, but I've kept archiving serial killers for my web site, so I guess I haven't done any "shaking off" yet.

Q: Did you have any personal reasons for writing the book?

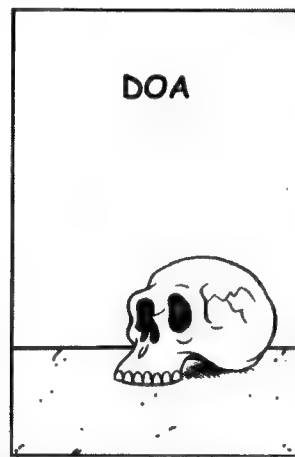
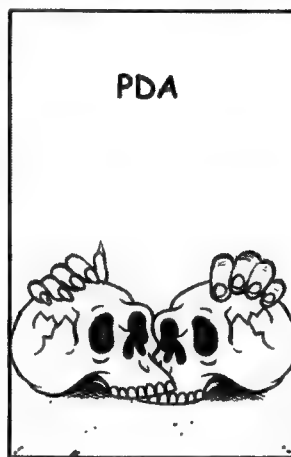
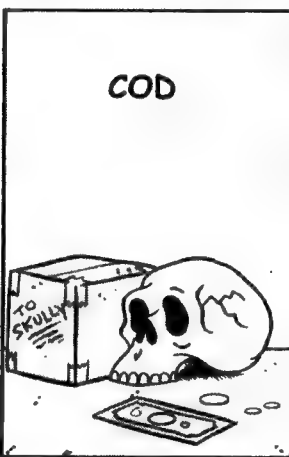
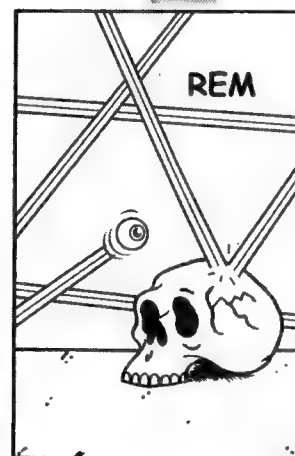
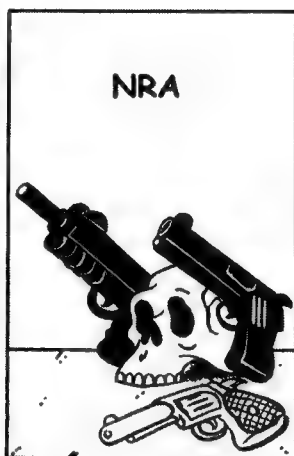


A: I had no personal reasons for writing the book other than I'm interested in the subject and have been writing about serial killers for five years on my web site, www.mayhem.net.

Once I started researching the subject and talking to police and the people running help groups for prostitutes, I felt it was important to dedicate the book to the forgotten women who died in the hands of these monsters. It's the same story I encountered in case after case

worldwide, women coming from abusive backgrounds who end on the streets taking drugs and working as a prostitute. Sooner or later someone kills them and no one cares except for her three other prostitute friends who will probably end up the same way. It's an epidemic and it is largely going unreported.

End



www.mortco.azit.com #103

audio DEPRIVATION



Various Artists

Caught In The Webb
(Tribute to Webb Pierce)
(Audium)

While Webb Pierce was one of the most successful C&W artistes of the 50's, with numerous hits and a repertoire of many classic songs, I've always personally found his voice very hard to take after about one side of an album (5-6 songs).....at which point, he starts sounding like a nail on a blackboard to me, with his nasally, whiny, dare I say it, pierce-ing voice cutting through to my very soul, like one of those whistles that only dogs can hear. With this excellent new tribute CD, that problem is solved! We get George Jones, Dale Watson, Charlie Pride (where in the Hell has HE been lately?), Dwight Yoakum, Emmylou Harris, Robbie Fulks, Crystal Gayle, Allison Moorer, Del McCoury, Guy Clark, Willie Nelson, Pam Tillis, BR549 and others interpreting the Wondering Boy's greatest hits.....with, for the most part, faithful renditions. Highly recommended.

(John Oliver)

The Yum Yums

Singles 'N Stuff
(Screaming Apple Import)

While they may have the dumbest name for a R&R band ever, the Norway-based Yum Yums are arguably the best band in the world when it comes to putting out the catchy 3 minutes-or-less pop single. Heavily influenced by the Ramones, Beach Boys, Shoes, Real Kids, Barracudas, Paul Collins' Beat, and 70's Kasenetz-Katz bubble gum music, these guys have released about a dozen singles and one full-length (Sweet As Candy in 1997) effort over the past 5-6 years. As their 45's are close to impossible to find in this country, I'm grateful that Screaming Apple tossed together this compilation of all of their singles and B-sides, as well as compilation cuts, all on one CD. If you like this kind of music, it's worth hunting this down, as well as Sweet As Candy.

(John Oliver)

Clone Defects

Blood on Jupiter
(Tom Perkins Records)

The mean streets of Detroit have spawned a variety of great rock & roll bands over the past few years the various Mick Collins bands (Gories, Blacktop, Dirtbombs, Screws, etc.), the White Stripes, Soledad Brothers, The Go, Detroit Cobras, Bantam Rooster, Von Bondies, etc. - all of whom continue to carry the Stooges/MC5/Scott Morgan torch of ass-kicking music at its finest. Here's yet another bunch of rowdy Detroit drunks - the Clone Defects, who have been causing a big stir with their live shows, and whose debut LP Blood on Jupiter may be the best record to come out of Detroit during 2001. Blues-based, alcohol-fueled punk rock with nods to the Stooges, MC5, Viletones and Pagans, with loud and noisy songs about subjects like whiskey, wimmen, cheap living and eyeballs popping, sung by one Tim Vulgar. Need I say more? Go get it.

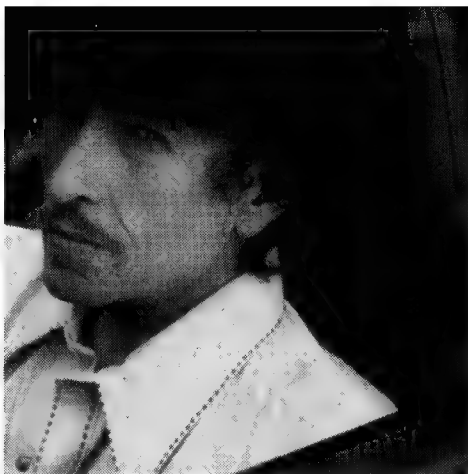
(John Oliver)

Bob Dylan

Love and Theft

(Columbia/Sony)

It seems we've been told that "Dylan is Back!" at least half a dozen or more times over the course of the past 25 years (and his past 10-12 albums), only to be disappointed with what appear to be half-hearted attempts at recapturing his old glory and his old songwriting skills. His last album, *Time Out of Mind*, actually did appear to take a big step in the right direction, although I ultimately found it to be a bit depressing - it seemed to be an LP full of songs in which Dylan contemplates death (understandable in light of his then-recent health problems). Well, for the newest one, "Love and Theft", he went into the studio armed with a brand new batch of songs (excluding *Mississippi*, a TOOM holdover) and, assisted by his excellent stage band (plus ex-Doug Sahm sidekick, Texas Tornado, and keyboard whiz Augie Meyer), cranked it out in fairly short order. The result? Frankly, I prefer the songs here over *Time Out of Mind*, and I prefer the less "produced" sound here as well. While it's a bit too early to figure out where this one falls in the overall scheme of Dylan's career, it's my favorite LP he's done since *Blood On The Tracks* (1975)- it's a collection of classic Dylan tunes done in a wide variety of American musical styles (ranging from the rockabilly romp "Summer Days" to the old 78's- inspired "Floater" and "Moonlight" to the more straight blues of "Honest With Me," "Cry A While" and "Lonesome Day Blues") and it may be the first album he's done since the aforementioned *BOOT* that deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as his post-folkie classics (*Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited*, *Blonde on Blonde*, and maybe *John Wesley Harding*). Not to mention, he's



back writing hilarious lyrics again. I've read several comparisons of this LP to the Americana imagery of The Band's self-titled second LP from the late 60's. The difference here - while the Band's LP conjured up images of Grandpa returning from the Civil War and Grandma milking cows and churning butter, Dylan's new one evokes snake oil salesmen in sleazy carnivals and scoundrels stealing freshly baked pies from window sills. One of the best LPs of 2001....and released on 9/11/01, to boot. (P.S. I've heard bootlegs of several Dylan live shows from October-November 2001....the new songs sound even better played live.)

(John Oliver)

The David S. Ware Quartet

Corridors and Parallels

(Aum Fidelity Records)

This is the new CD by one of the hardest working bands in jazz. It's also the first to feature pianist Matthew Shipp, one of the best out there today, on synthesizer. Jazz traditionalists will be screaming foul, but, then again, jazz traditionalists won't be listening to David Ware and his cohorts. Ware's years as the tenor man in several Cecil Taylor groups have helped guide him to where he is today, and that is definitely on the outskirts of the so-called "main-

stream". Backed by longtime stalwarts Shipp, bassist extraordinaire William Parker, and drummer/percussionist Guillermo Brown, Ware has delivered a very warm-sounding disc that continues to lead the avant-garde pack. Framed by short synthesizer pieces, the tunes range from hard boppish struts to out - and - out skronk. "Superimposed" features Brown's percussive style, reminding you of the jungle rants in *King Kong*, while Ware plays long lines over the top. "Sound-a-Bye" is a slow, droning track which includes some of Shipp's keyboard washes. The title track is an uptempo piece featuring some nice bow work from Parker. Throughout the disc, Brown shows himself to be a polyrhythmic force, and he doesn't seem to be trying to replace the departed Susie Ibarra who held the drum seat for several years. "Mother May You Rest in Bliss" is a tribute to Ware's late mother. Dirge-like with gospel overtones, it also allows Ware to include some trademark overblowing as well. All in all, a fine disc for semi-adventurous jazz fans. If your idea of jazz is, however, Wynton and the crew recycling Satchmo lines, etc., etc., this might not be for you. This is by some of the best jazz has to offer going out on a limb, trying something a little different. Why not? If Miles hadn't done *In A Silent Way* or *Bitches Brew*, look what we would have missed. Although I don't think Ware will end up doing Cindy Lauper and Michael Jackson tunes at the twilight of his career.

(Jim Schoene)

Carlos Santana

Divine Light

Reconstruction & Mix Translation
by Bill Laswell
(Sony)

This is another in Bill Laswell's ongoing remix and reconstructed

efforts of some of his favorites. His treatment of Bob Marley's music was, for me, a mixed effort, often relying too much on dub noodling and ambient soundscapes. In other words, it was boring. When he took on Miles Davis, it was a different story. He had access to unreleased performances by some of Miles' most electrifying groups, including McLaughlin and the great Pete Cosey. Here he uses two LPs as the base-Illuminations by Santana and Alice Coltrane, and Love, Devotion and Surrender by Santana and the then Mahavishnu John McLaughlin. In his trademark fashion, Laswell has remixed, mixed down, cut, pasted, and employed all the other tricks he's used to deliver a fantastic-sounding disc. The stuff from Love, Devotion, and Surrender probably won't have fans getting rid of their copies, but the other source LP has never been released domestically, so this is cause for some celebration. It was always one of Santana's most mystical and beautiful-sounding pieces. There's also plenty of hot guitar for the fans, so don't worry. Laswell has added snippets here and there of dub bass and other effects, but I think the biggest thing he's achieved is the remixing. The sound is huge and sharp at the same time; all the instruments are bold, and that includes guys like drummer Billy Cobham and the great organist Khalid Yasin, or Larry Young as he was also known as. Definitely one of Laswell's better "reconstruction" efforts.

(Jim Schoene)



SPIRIT CARAVAN

Elusive Truth
(Tolotta)

Here's the new one from metal legend/god Wino, AKA Scott Weinrich and bandmates Gary Isom on drums and Dave Sherman on bass. In the DC/Baltimore area, Wino has been around for a long time. He was with Saint Vitus when they were really good (check out Heavier Than Thou on SST), and he then went on to form The Obsessed, who have seen some nice reissues of their work in recent months, including a great live show from the Glenmont Rec. Center which is only a few miles from the Papal palace. The Obsessed did a one shot thing on Sony which was very good but got no promotion at all. Actually I think that was about the same time that Tommy Mottola was decreeing that his new "find" Mariah Carey would indeed have a number one hit or else. Wino's latest group Spirit Caravan has released a few things on Tolotta Records, the label fronted by Fugazi's own Joe Lally. This is the latest. It's loud heavy, metal-like, but without all those annoying cliches that ruin so much rock music. No high-pitched screechy vocals; you know, the kind that ruined virtually every Rush record in history. No hyper-speed tempos, the ones so fast that you can't even begin to keep up. Just loud, heavy, guitar-laden ROCK music, the way it should be. Monster Magnet without the kitsch. The three guys can also really play. Wino handles the guitar chores and does almost all the vocals, except "Retroman", where Dave Sherman does a very creditable Lemmy impersonation. If you're looking for some guitar heaviness, and you thought they weren't cutting stuff like that anymore, try this. And if you can find it, check out their CD EP called Dreamwheel. It's great too.

(Jim Schoene)



Antiseen

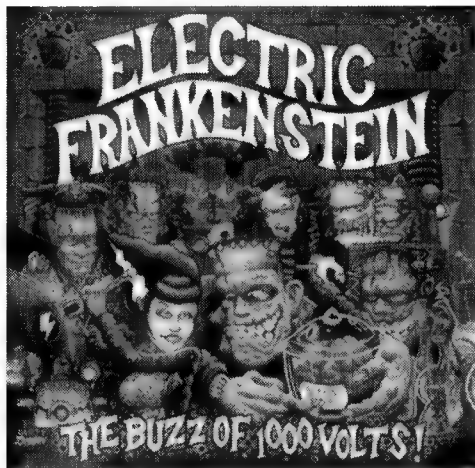
The Boys From Brutalsville
(TKO)

Antiseen's detractors claim all their songs sound alike. However, after listening to the latest release from this no-frills southern punk band, we found ourselves having little trouble distinguishing one cut from the other. Moreover, these neo-primitives made it even easier for us by throwing in covers by Dave Dudley, The Ramones and Screaming Lord Sutch. Repeated plays also allowed us to discover what these boys stand for and that is, in order of preference:

- 1) Freedom, as in "absolute";
- 2) English, as in the tongue spoken in Rock Hill, South Carolina; and
- 3) Guns, as in big and loud.

Don't be scared off by any of this, as Antiseen doesn't take any of their red neckery seriously. They just like to play around with it. That's why in the middle of a seeming xenophobic rant like "Melting Pot," you have the band saying, unlike immigrants, that they belong here because "We stole this country fair and square." That too is the reason you're set up with something like "I'm A Babyface Killer" only to discover, much to your delight, that the cut is nothing but an ode to wrasslin' rulebreakers.

(Dom Salemi)



The Buzz Of 1000 Volts
Electric Frankenstein
 (Victory Records)

You know we're looking at The New Yorker guide to the best of 2001 on CD and we see they pick The Strokes as the best hard rockin' release of the year. Like Rolling Stone and a host of magazines before them they're trumpeting said band as a triumphant return of New York rock. What a crock of shit! First of all, The Strokes ain't even from New York; it's all a manufactured ruse concocted by their manager. Secondly, The Strokes ain't even that good. If you want to hear a band that loved Television and The Stooges but didn't quite get it then by all means buy their debut. Adding insult to injury, their vocalist sounds like he's singing through a megaphone. What's that all about? In any language it sucks. But I digress. If you want to hear the true sound of New York rock, by actual natives, then pick up this disc. Hell, pick up any of the two dozen or so discs by this hard rockin' punk band; they're all equally good. This one is heavier than most, relying on riffage and speedy 70s metal-style guitar soloing. Not at all offensive when you throw in Steve Miller's this-may-be-the-last-time full throttle vocalizing and the noisy furioso erupting in the background, foreground and all-around. You want the sound of New York rock? Here 'tis: ragged,

riotous and rapacious. Recorded on vintage analog equipment from the 40s and 50s for that primitive je ne sais hey

(Dom Salemi)

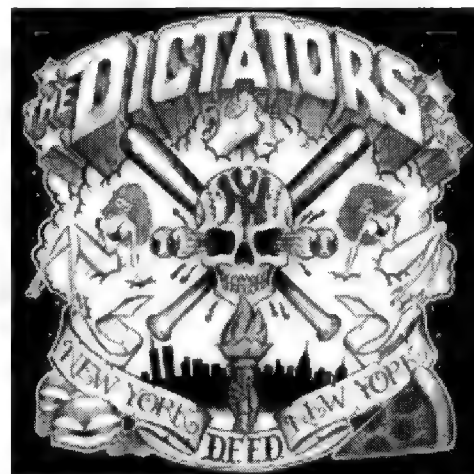


The Dwarves
How to Win Friends and
Influence People
 (Reptilian)

The last time the legendary SF-based punk band The Dwarves went into the studio (Come Clean, 2000), some accused them of selling out, or, at least cleaning up their sound way too much. They even recorded what might be called pop songs (or at least poppier sounding than in the past). This time, recording for Chris X. of Reptilian Records, they're back to their old slam-bang, 16 songs-in-25-minutes thrashable best. Why they chose to re-record 13 or 14 of their old classics ("Fuck 'Em All," "Drug Store," "Detention Girl," "Anybody Out There?", etc.), though, one would have to wonder...although they're all brand new versions, with practically all arrangements changed at least a bit from those of the originals....and they all kill. If you like this band, you'll love this new one. I wouldn't put it up there with my 2 Dwarves' faves, Blood, Guts & Pussy (1990) or Young and Good Looking (1997), but it's still a damn fine listen. Kudos to Mister

X. (NOTE: I would spend some time here lamenting the latest breakup of The Dwarves, but they've broken up and reformed dozens (if not hundreds) of times in the past....I'm sure we haven't seen or heard the last of Blag Dahlia and the Boys yet.)

(John Oliver)

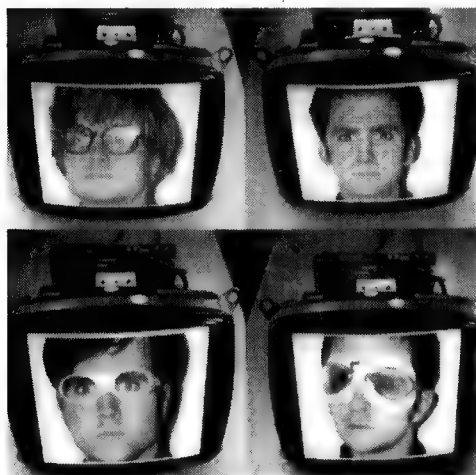


The Dictators
"DFFD"
 (Norton/ASIN)

This is either the Dictators' first album in 11 or 23 years, depending on whether you consider Manitoba's Wild Kingdom's And You? 1990 release as a 'Tators' record or not (personally, I do, since they continue to play most of the MWK songs live). The band never really broke up - they just disbanded and went about their separate lives, occasionally reuniting to play live gigs. The new album is excellent - Andy (or Adny) Shernoff still writes the best and funniest lyrics in rock & roll, Ross the Boss still kills with his axe-wielding, and Handsome Dick Manitoba is still the handsomest man in rock & roll. My only complaint about this new record is that I'm aware they left off a lot of new material they've recorded. While it's good to have their singles "Who Will Save Rock & Roll?," "I Am Right," B-side "Savage Beat," and concert staple instrumental

"Channel Surfing" on CD finally, there are only 12 songs on this CD....which doesn't leave a lot of room for the new tunes, several of which are instant Dictators' classics (notably "Pussy and Money" and "Avenue A"). Now....if they plan on returning to the studio and releasing another album in the next year or so - no problem. However, if it's gonna be another 11 or so years again....Clearly one of the best releases of 2001....I only wish it was more widely available.

(John Oliver)



Man or ASTROman Beyond the Black Hole (Estrus)

One thing you have to like about classic garage instrumentalists MOAM is that they never worry about walking that fine line between kitsch and inspired silliness. Taking their cues from Link Wray, The Ventures and drive-in sci-fi movies, these Alabama boys craft clever camp chock-full of cheesy melodies stuffed with echo, heavy reverb, snatches of psychotronic movie dialogue and a multitude of otherworldly electronic sound effects. This re-release of a 1995 Australian long-player shows the combo at varying degrees of inspiration, i.e.; some of the cuts are rather sparsely adorned a la "The Quatermass Phenomena," but overall it serves as a decent intro-

duction to one of the better bands working this orbit.

(Dom Salemi)

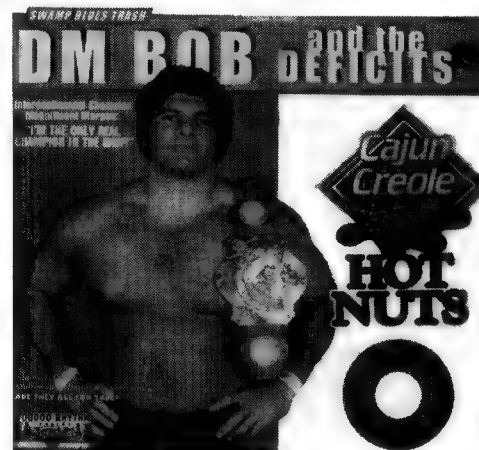


Iggy Pop Beat 'Em Up (Virgin)

Lost in all the hubub created by accomplished year-end releases by rock icons Dylan and Jagger was a comeback that beat them all to pieces: The Ig's Beat 'Em Up. That's right, The Ig. Mr. James Oesterberg, boulevardier, eminence grise, aging philosophe, has been shoved aside so that the beast can be unleashed. Finally - after what has it been? About ten years? - the howling, yowling, scabrously literate work of which we all know this man, this great rocker is capable. Life may be like a game of football where we "continually collide until we're all worn out inside" and put on masks to greet the faces that we meet but not this guy. This guy is pissed. Pissed about being ignored, about having to sell his music to car companies, about the yutes of today ripping off his music and taking all the credit, about society and we the people in general. You know, life, the painful process of ageing and the inevitability of death. Iggy hears time's winged chariot drawing near but he's not going gentle into that good night; he's going to "Howl," "Go For The Throat" and "Drink New Blood."

Rap metal? We'll show you what it's supposed to sound like. Hard rock? Who says fifty-somethings are too feeble to make sounds nigh unto the Lord? Punk? Who's your daddy? New life is even breathed into the power ballad and jeremiad ("V.I.P." the disc's closer clocking in at a Wagnerian 13.11 minutes) just to show everyone that all things are possible. Well, for those who are as Gods.

(Dom Salemi)



Cajun Creole Hot Nuts DM Bob and the Deficits (Voodoo Rhythm)

Leave it to our European bretheren to put the "alt" into alt.country. "Alt" short for "alternative" and thus not signifying kinship with Gram Parsons and Emmy Lou Harris but rather denoting a sensibility steeped in backwoods living and aged in moonshine. Don't know whether this here Bob is a true hillbilly hailing from Switzerland as he does; nevertheless, he sure sings like one. Kind of a surly high-pitch whine tinged with just the right mix of dementia and cretinism. Has a band playing behind him that sounds damaged too. Very damaged. Guitars, mixed way to high, reverb all over the place which is a good thing as the guitarists have a clunky heavy-handed way of playing that has

them dropping in and out of the proceedings. The drum kit sounds like something Lancelot Link might be found behind and that sort of makes sense as well as whoever it is hitting those skins has nary a clue as to the difference between playing on, or off the beat. Beginning to get the picture here? This is gloriously deranged trashabilly: depraved and mercurial takes on downhome country, rockabilly and country. That flat out gets it. In any language. Which from what we could determine from songs like "Meat Man," "Alien Baby" and "Facist In The Courthaus" is something remarkably akin to English.

(Dom Salemi)

John Coltrane

The Olatunji Concert

The Last Live Recording, 4/67,
(Impulse)

Finally, we get more of the last live recording by one of the great jazz innovators. Previously heard only in snippets, we get two very long tracks, "Ogunde" at 28:35, and the old standby, "My Favorite Things" clocking in at 34:36. I can remember hearing about five minutes of "Ogunde" on a thing called Sacred Sources released by Carlos Santana on a custom label from Sony. He was going to release unheard music by his heroes, and the first volume had Coltrane, Marvin Gaye, Bob Marley, and a few others I can't remember. It sounded like a good idea, but it obviously faded very quickly. The sound quality on the Coltrane track wasn't too good, but who cares? It's Trane. The quality here is much better, but not terrific. But again, who cares? What matters is the music, and also the fact that Trane would be dead in a few months, already riddled with cancer. About a minute and a half into the first track, he starts wailing like a woolly mammoth caught in a tar pit, just screaming like a mad

beast. It's as out there as anything he did, and of course, he's got his cohort Pharoah Sanders along to do some screaming of his own. The band includes wife Alice on piano, Jimmy Garrison on bass, the great Rashied Ali on drums and a couple percussionists who try to hang on for their lives. I think you can hear that he's dying; there's a frantic desperation in his sound, as if he's trying to make all the music he could before the end. It's an important document from one of the greats. Kudos to Impulse for releasing it, but how about getting back on track with their long-abandoned reissue program? Shepp's Magic of Juju would be nice.

(Jim Schoene)

The Wipeouters

P'Twaang!

(Tone)

Mark Mothersbaugh tells us these are the sounds of the forerunners to Devo recorded in 1964. He admits he is lying, but thinks it is more interesting than the truth, which is that these thirteen cuts are just Devo jamming in the studio while working on compositions for the Rugrats' cartoon show. Mark also believes that these tunes definitely evidence a surf aesthetic. We say: Devo jamming is tubular Daddy-O! and that these are surf tunes only if you're riding the waves on the lunar ocean. Most of this is frothy ephemeral astromentals, i.e., goofy robotic tunes with ersatz assembly-line sounds decorated with all manner of knob twisting. Highlights include "Wounded Surfer," a funky workout for sitar and synthesized vibes, "Ravin' Surf," a spaced-out samba, and "Surf's Up on Goon Island," which takes a noirish theme and lightens it with bongos, exotica flute, discordant organ riffs and a beer-barrel polka interlude. Party music for any planet you happen to touch down on.

(Dom Salemi)



Mick Jagger

Goddess In The Doorway

(EMD/Virgin)

I was really prepared to hate this upon initial listening, what with having heard about the collaborations in the studio with (among others) Lenny Kravitz, Wyclef Jean, Bono and Joe Perry (what, Sting and Phil Collins weren't available those dates?), as well as the Rolling Stone 5 star review. A day or two after it was released, I reluctantly punched it up at a listening station at the local Borders music section, again prepared to dislike the CD immensely. Shockingly, I liked most of what I heard. Unlike on his previous solo efforts, it appears Mr. Jagger brought out some of his "A" songs this time - songs with decent melodies and hooks that he chose to record in lieu of saving them for the next Stones' LP. This is the major difference between this LP and, say, Wandering Spirit, his last solo effort. The collaborations, surprisingly, work for the most part...to the point where you don't really notice them - and that's a good thing. Jagger's singing may be the best he's ever put on record. It appears he could actually make it as a post-Stones solo act if he so chooses.....and he won't have to rely on doing the same old Stones' hits night after night. Shockingly good.

(John Oliver)

"Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad"

The Wanda Jackson Interview/Part 2

Roy Clark, in his 1994 autobiography My Life - In Spite Of Myself, proclaimed, "Wanda Jackson was more than just a great singer, she was an inspiration to a whole generation of singers. Brenda Lee and Tanya Tucker are just two among the many whose style has been influenced by her."

By Ken Burke

KB: According to Billboard's Book Of Top 40 Country Hits, you had three albums out before you left high school.

WJ: Well, they weren't solo albums, I was on three compilations for Decca. I never did do an album for Decca per se.

KB: The story we heard was that you were with Decca at the time because Capitol felt you were too young to sign.

WJ: Yes, absolutely. I wanted to be on Capitol because that's where Hank was. Whatever Hank did, that's what I wanted, and he had me work with [Capitol producer] Ken Nelson every time I went to Oklahoma City. So, in 1954 I signed a two-year contract with a one-year option with Decca. Usually the record company has the option and I don't recall how this worked out exactly, but I didn't want to stay with Decca. Hank had introduced me to Capitol producer Ken Nelson and he was interested now because Kitty Wells had a number one song. She's the one who opened the door for my generation. Until then, no one was very interested in girl singers until she got that hit. That's when I got out of my contract with Decca and signed with Capitol - and Jean Shepard was with them at the time too. I enjoyed a nice 18-year relationship with Capitol until I asked for my release. I loved being with Capitol because I got to work a lot with Hank - especially while I was still in school. I did television with him, radio, and daddy and I would go over and see him, hang out and visit. I learned so much from him by picking his brain and watching him work because he had such a charisma about him. He was like Elvis in that sense - he walks into a room and people just gravitate towards him. I learned so much from Hank; his influence was just invaluable.

KB: Little Jimmy Dickens' manager Richard Davis told me that Hank Thompson is probably one of the smartest performers in the business.

WJ: That right. He's not only intelligent but also he's levelheaded and a good businessman, which is a little hard to find in one package, especially among entertainers. I felt like if he counseled me, he counseled me right. He also got me signed with Jim Halsey who was his booking agent. Of course Jim Halsey went on to be a real giant.

KB: Are you and Thompson still friends?

WJ: Oh yes. In October of 2000, I was inducted into the Oklahoma Music Hall Of Fame and they asked who I'd like to present my award to me and I said, "Well, the proper one would be Hank Thompson." He lives in Texas now, but they got him. Also, that same year they inducted Jim Halsey and Roy Clark, who was my protégé. It was like a family reunion. That was one of the most special evenings of my life.

KB: You played the Grand Ole Opry pretty early on, didn't you?

WJ: Yes. I had an experience with the Opry sort've like Elvis did. I was on Decca and they invited me to sing my brand new record on the Grand Ole Opry. I might've graduated from high school by then because I was already doing Red Foley's Ozark Jubilee periodically, and that was a network television show. Well, they wanted me to sign with the Opry and I was so excited. I had grown up listening to the radio show every Saturday night. I designed a special dress that my mother made, it was a beautiful white dress with red fringe and rhinestones at the end of each fringe - it had the little sweetheart neckline and spaghetti straps. Well, I was backstage and ready to go on, I



had my guitar on and I was on Ernest Tubbs' portion of the Opry. He came backstage and said, "Let's see now - are you Wanda Jackson?" I said, "Yes sir." He said, "Well, you're on next." I said, "Well, I'm ready." He looked at me and said, "Well honey, you can't go on the stage of the Opry like that!" I said, "Like what?" He told me, "You can't show your bare shoulders."

KB: (Laughing.) Oh no, really?

WJ: Yeah. So there I stood and I said, "Well, it's the only thing I brought." He said, "Well, you'll have to cover up if you want to go on the stage." So I ran back in tears and got the jacket I had worn - luckily it was a white one with leather and long fringe on the arms. It was Western, but it was just a knock-about jacket. Well, when I get real mad I cry - which is disgusting. (Laughs.) I'd rather throw things than start crying. Well, I started crying and I could hardly sing my song. Then I noticed that there were these artists sitting

behind me onstage upstaging me. See I had already learned from Hank a lot of the stage ethics - things you do and things you don't do. But here was [Opry comedians] Minnie Pearl and Rod Brasfield back there telling jokes and acting silly, and the audience was watching them and laughing. So, I got off the stage, found daddy and said, "This is the last time I'll ever do the Opry." And it was - you know Elvis got a very cold reception there too. But I have to be quick to tell you - I didn't know the Opry's rules. They didn't think they had to tell a sixteen year-old girl because all of their girls normally wore little fluffy blouses and full skirts. So, I just didn't know the rules otherwise I would have abided by them. But it was a bad experience for me.

KB: You weren't trying to tweak anybody's sensibilities?

WJ: No, I was just being myself.

KB: With Decca you were mostly cutting country music. How did you develop your rock'n'roll style at Capitol and where did you get that growl?

WJ: (Laughs.) I didn't know I had it. I began working with Elvis in '55 after I graduated from high school. I worked with him for two years - until he went to Hollywood and started his movie career. Elvis liked my voice - well, we liked each other. We dated while we were on tour, he gave me his ring and I wore it around my neck. We were boyfriend and girlfriend. Anyway, he thought I should start doing this new music - because he was just starting to really get big. I was with him when he did the Dorsey Brothers Show - you know the one where they wouldn't show him from the waist down - all this stuff going on. I said, "I don't think I can do that because I'm just a country singer." He said, "Well, I am too basically, but I think you're gonna need to do this because it's going to be the next really big music." Well, how right he was. So, we'd go to his house and play records. Then he'd get out his guitar and say, "Now just take this song..." and then he would just put his style to it. It was through his encouragement that I got into rock'n'roll music and daddy agreed with him thoroughly. He said, "You can do it and I think you should." My producer Ken Nelson didn't have feelings one way or another about it - it didn't matter to him so long as I sold records.

KB: Had you already heard rhythm and blues at that point in your life?



WJ: Well, not so much. Another thing about my dad, who loved Jimmie Rodgers, was that he loved black blues - so he had all these records and yeah, I loved 'em. To me, that was what Elvis was doing, it was kind of that style only a little faster, so it didn't seem all that foreign to me, but I just didn't think I could sing it. But in 1958, I recorded "Fujiyama Mama," I had heard the song on a jukebox and said, "I've gotta sing that thing." I went out and found the record - and I was already doing that growlin'. "Hot Dog! That Made Him Mad" had a growl thing in there so I could do it - I just didn't have the material.

KB: Tell us about your breakthrough hit "Let's Have A Party."

WJ: "Let's Have A Party" came along at the tail end of my first record session where I did my first album at Capitol. I needed one more song and I didn't have one, and I had my band there, so I said, "Let's lay this 'Let's Have A Party' down and see what Ken thinks of it." It was from Elvis' movie Loving You and I had been singing it for a while and people really liked it. So Ken said, "Well, I like that - that'll be cute, we'll just put it on the end of the album." Two years later, that song came off of that album, which was almost totally unheard of in those days, because you always put a single out and if it was a hit then you put out the album around it. So this was very different.

KB: Tell us about the great guys who played on your Capitol recordings.

WJ: Eventually, my tour schedule got so busy that I couldn't be on the West Coast every time I needed to record. So, I needed to go there or Nashville, but Ken Nelson had these pickers who just played in California - Joe Maphis was of course was on my first recording. Buck Owens played rhythm guitar, then the guys who were in my band at the time later became big stars - Big Al Downing and Vernon Sandusky. Vernon was a great guitar player, later he was on Hee Haw and on the Wild West band for many years. Big Al went on to become a country recording artist. Ralph Mooney was on the coast, so I used him. James Burton was there, Merrill Moore, and Earl Ball.

KB: How did you work in the studio with all this hot talent?

WJ: Well, we did "head" arrangements - that was all we had. These days you can't find a band that can just sit down and play "Your Cheatin' Heart," they've got to have a chart. Head arrangements were all right for the singers in those days, but the ones you have to admire are the musicians, background singers, and your producer. My goodness, they'd just go in, hear the song once and dream up all this stuff. I was fortunate enough to be with some wonderful talent. But anyway, it was just a natural thing to have these guys play with me - it wasn't like they were big stars then.

KB: And you had a good rapport with them?

WJ: Yes. Everyone was pretty serious when they were recording, but when you take a break and then all hell might break loose. (Laughs.)

KB: Tell us a bit about discovering Roy Clark.

WJ: I brought Roy Clark to Vegas with me from Virginia. I had to do five back-to-back shows. Forty-five minutes on and forty-five minutes off and none of the guys in my band sang. I said, "Hey, I've gotta have some help." (Chuckles.) I had worked with a club once with Roy and had remembered him and called him out and that's where he met Ken Nelson and he did his first recording at the end of one of my sessions. I didn't have time to do a new song and he put down "Under The Double Eagle" and something else, signed with Capitol and the rest is history.

KB: You were once Capitol Records top-selling German-language vocalist. Do you speak German or did you learn the lyrics phonetically?

WJ: Phonetically of course. I'm an Oakie - I can barely speak English? (Laughs.) It was the hardest work I've ever done and also the most rewarding. The very first song they released became a number one not only in Germany, but five of the bordering countries. Y'know, if you live on the border of one of these countries the people tend to speak German as well as their own language. But it became a number one song and I still sing it and it's become what Germany calls an "evergreen" song - every generation has known this song. When I start singing it, it doesn't matter what age my audience is - they sing it with me. It's so beautiful, they hold up their little cigarette lights and their flash-things and sway and sing it with me - its called "Santa Domingo." It was written by Germans about Santa Domingo and sung by an American - a truly international song. I went on to record eighteen German titles, but "Santa Domingo" was the only number one hit.

KB: Back then a record could be fairly popular without hitting a high chart position, couldn't it?

WJ: Yes, because even the number one songs didn't sell all that many copies. We had number one songs in country music that wouldn't sell over ten thousand.

KB: When you were at your peak as a rock'n'roll artist, did you experience a backlash from your country music contemporaries?

WJ: I don't remember anything like that. I did so many dance halls - that was Hank's influence again. He had a big band and he worked dances. We always had a few concerts or rodeos along the way, but the mainstay of our work was in ballrooms. And those people, it didn't matter what I sang, if they could dance to it, they liked it. I don't remember having any backlash except that the radio stations weren't playing my records. Therefore, if you didn't get radio play, you couldn't sell anything. After I had "Let's Have A Party," I went in to the studio - and thank goodness I did all these cover songs for these rockabilly albums that are out now. We decided, "Hey, they're not going to let you get another hit." So, I just went back to country music.

KB: Were you a little bit relieved to be doing "Right

Or Wrong" or "In The Middle Of A Heartache?"

WJ: Well, yeah because I still considered myself a country singer and still do today. It's just that country music never accepted me like the rock people did. But I didn't like being thrown into this bubblegum class of these kiddos in the audience out there. Even though I had started singing when I was fourteen, I had always sung to adults who listened to me and respected me. Well, this other crowd, I just couldn't figure 'em out and I didn't like trying to entertain 'em. They were just like little kids. I didn't know any of the people on the shows and I was just out of my comfort zone. So, yeah, I was glad to get back to country music at that time and I'm VERY glad to be back in rock music for the last fifteen years. It's been wonderful because I love singing it now.

KB: Country hits like "My Big Iron Skillet" and "The Box It Came In" helped you develop a singing persona that I don't think any other female artist had - that of a no nonsense woman willing to stand up for yourself. Was that intentional or something that kind of happened?

WJ: Well, it probably just happened. I liked the songs and often times could see the commercial value of the songs, and you know, we didn't used to think so deep about all this stuff. It just wasn't specialized like that - you got a good song and you recorded it. It so happened, that I was one of the first to do this type of girl song. Most of 'em did the "Tennessee Waltz" and things like that. But I was a little raunchier and I could get away with it. A couple of years ago one of the writers summed it up pretty cute I thought, he said, "Knowing Wanda from recordings and then speaking with her is a totally different experience. She's a sweet lady with a nasty voice." (Laughs.) I





think he hit it.

KB: Some of your records wouldn't get played in today's politically correct climate, would they?

WJ: You forgot "This Gun Don't Care Who It Shoots!" It didn't get played when I released it. (Laughs.) It was a doggoned cute song. Surely "Big Iron Skillet" would be OK, but I can see a few people raising objections saying, "That's abuse!" Some day they'll get it where you can't sing about nothin' except love and peace. I'm all for that, but it's not the real world. Music is supposed to be entertainment. You're supposed to relate to these things and it helps see you through. Songs have helped people through tremendous difficulties. If they keep putting a cap on all this stuff, before long there won't be real life situations in the songs.

KB: In the early 70s you became what we call a Born-again Christian. Was there any particular event that precipitated this conversion, or was it something that was slowly entering your consciousness?

WJ: Well, we don't always know what leads us to make that decision about seeking salvation. But Wendell and I - this happened in 1971, by then we had our two kids and we were still traveling. We were gone half the time from 'em and they were being reared by their grandmas, and of course we always had a governess live in. They were being well taken care of but we knew we were missing out on a lot and our marriage wasn't in real great shape because of

our lifestyle. Let's face it - the drinking, the late hours, the partying, always on the go - we could do whatever we wanted in a town and leave the next day. We didn't have to face the consequences. We weren't all that wild but our marriage was in trouble and we didn't know what to do about it. We knew we were in love still. We didn't want a divorce. That was never talked about - murder a couple of times maybe, but never divorce. (Laughs.) Anyway, I was a member of this church already and my mother kept my children in church because she knew it was important. Well, the kids just begged us to please join them and their Grandma at church one Sunday when we were home. Just to get 'em off our backs we said, "OK." We got up late and started rushing around - didn't care anymore about going to church anymore that day than any other time, but we promised the kids. We weren't bad people. If we promised something we kept our promise. So we went. It was during that service that God spoke to my heart and of course you can only speak for yourself as to what's happening in your own heart. But it seemed like God was just saying to me, "Walk with me Wanda. Walk with me." So when they gave the invitation, as they do in our churches, to make a public profession that you're giving your life to Christ, I turned to Wendell back in the pew and said, "Honey, there's just something I've got to do." I expected him to just to move out and let me by, but he said, "Well, me too." So his feeling was that God was dealing with his heart at the same time. So, we both gave our hearts and lives to Jesus Christ at the same moments, which was the greatest thing that ever happened. From that moment on, everything was different. There's something about giving your life to Christ, and giving him the control, taking your hands off the wheel and letting him do it - even though you don't understand what you've just done. Something definite has happened and all of your priorities in life just flip-flop and all of a sudden everything is just orderly. From that day on, Wendell was never jealous anymore and everything was different. So, certainly our souls were saved in that moment, but also our marriage and our relationship. That's not the reason we did it, we wanted to get right with God. But once we both did that, then he was the boss of our life. No longer was it "Is Wanda the boss or is Wendell the boss?" All the while banging heads and fighting and fussin', it was now "What does Christ want us to do?" People try to make salvation hard and it isn't. It's just about relinquishing the control.

KB: Did your religious awakening cause you to stop cutting secular material?

WJ: No, I didn't. That's been a myth some people believe. Of course I was more excited about telling the world about what had happened to me, and the only way I could do that was through music. I wanted to start recording gospel. My first gospel was with Capitol and that was fine. Then I went in six months later and said, "I'd like to do another gospel album because I'm doing a lot of gospel concerts. The word's getting around that I've become a Christian and I'm singing at churches and revivals and I need another album out there for people to buy." Well, Capitol wasn't interested. So, Ken Nelson finally talked to Wendell and I, he said, "Look, I understand where your heart is and I think it's wonderful. But Capitol is not that kind of a company. You were signed as a country artist." Then he said, "I think you should pursue a recording company that would allow you to do all the gospel that you need to do." So, he got me my release from Capitol, which is almost unheard of back then. Then I went with this company called Word, which was the largest Christian recording company in America. It seemed like a great marriage because they wanted to branch out into some country music - they had the distribution set-up, so why not? Country was getting real big at that point, they had more and more radio stations specializing in it, and Word wanted to get in on some of the take. We said, "This will be great! Let me do at least one Gospel album a year and I'll also do one country for you."

KB: That sounds like a good plan. What happened?

WJ: Well, as soon as we got that all worked out, they sold the company to Dot Records. At that time they were the biggest conglomerate and I just got lost in the shuffle. They knew nothing about my agreement with Word - they didn't honor it if they did. I could've rightfully sued them - even our pastor said, "I think you should." Because my career was just going down the toilet - there was nothing out there for anybody to buy or radio stations to play. Eventually we decided that we were Christians and they had been a Christian company and the Bible tells us that brothers shouldn't sue brothers. So, we didn't but we got compensation from them. Then, from that point on, I just kind've bounced around and did my own recordings as so many of us have had to do.

KB: Did you ever get any flack from the religious community for singing country music or rock'n'roll?

WJ: No. They found it interesting that I had more or

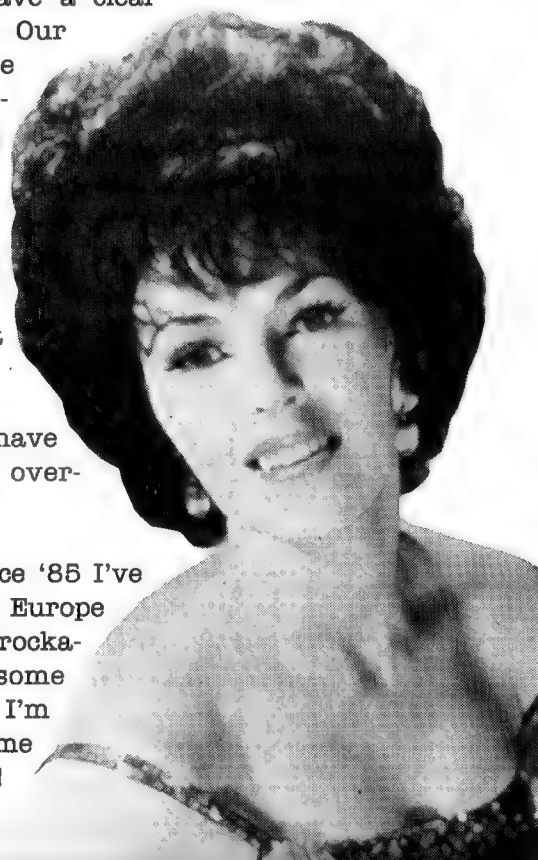
less given that up to sing the gospel message and they were real excited about it. But there again, they wouldn't play me. None of the Christian stations would play my records. I could draw huge crowds in the Church venues - and I'm not on a pity potty here, it's just a matter of fact that I was never nominated for anything in their circles. It was as if I was a step-child and it kind of hurt me at the time, but I remembered, "Hey, that's not the reason I'm doing this. I'm doing this to get the gospel message out." So, I just continued on. But I was glad when in 1985, a recording company in Sweden asked me to come over there and do this rockabilly music with the new sound they have now. We prayed about it and it seemed like God was saying, "This is the way I want to use you now." I could reach a hundred thousand times more people by appearing in those venues and giving my testimony. Which I still do on every show. I don't bore people and I don't preach. I just tell 'em the good news about what happened to me and sing a gospel song. So that's the way God is using my husband and I at the moment. Y' see, Christians can have fun too.

KB: Can a person sing rock'n'roll and still be a good Christian?

WJ: I can. I can't say everybody could, because I do the 50s rock, I wouldn't attempt some of the today's songs and have a clear conscience. Our songs were pretty innocent. They were about love, dating, cars, hamburgers and malts. Pretty innocent stuff.

KB: Where have you played overseas?

WJ: Well, since '85 I've been going to Europe and singing rockabilly and some Country and I'm having the time of my life! I've been





all over Europe - Scandinavia, England, Finland, Germany, and France - but I go to Sweden every year. I spend a month to six weeks there. They have so many festivals there and they are so big into getting whatever music they like - as long as they're the original people - they esteem us very highly and Europeans aren't quite as youth-oriented as Americans are. (Chuckles.) It's really fun to see these kids dressing like I dressed during my high school years.

KB: Do you have your own band or do you mostly play with local outfits?

WJ: Well, it's about half-and-half. When I go to Europe - I work with the same band in Scandinavia all the time. In Denmark and Germany I have my choice of rock bands and country bands - their musicians are just so great. Here in America I've been using the Cadillac Angels a lot - they're a little rockabilly trio. They live in California but they'll go just about anywhere with me to work and get known themselves.

KB: Do you still receive royalties from the leasing of your Capitol masters?

WJ: Oh yes.

KB: You're finally getting more bookings in America than overseas. How did that come about?

WJ: Well, in 1995 I made a guest appearance on Rosie Flores' Rockabilly Filly album [on Hightone]. That's what got the whole ball rolling for me in America. I told her, "If I can help you promote this thing by doing a show with you, call my office and we'll work this thing out." Well, she started getting the word out and we ended up doing a five-week tour all the way across America - not just record signings and interviews, but working. I had no idea that there were so many rockabilly fans or venues here in America - and I'm still learning of new ones all the time.

KB: Generally speaking, what are today's audiences like?

WJ: When I go into these places I think, "Oh my gosh - what have I gotten myself into?" The walls are dark and all this stuff, my husband and I are kind of leery - especially at first because I've been working a lot of Christian music venues. But I thought, "Well, OK. I'll give it a try, I don't know if I can stand this or not." Well, I get out there and no one is hardly even drinking - these are serious music kids. They love it, they're not drinking, they are rowdy but that's just from enthusiasm. There's no fighting - I don't see anything bad. It's just been the most wonderful experience for me.

KB: Do a lot of girl musicians show up trying to pick up a few pointers?

WJ: Oh yeah! Lots of girl singers with their bands and they're dressed in the 50s style full-skirts and pony-tails - of course now they've added tattoos (Laughs), and nose-ring piercings. Which makes me want to say

to them, "I don't believe we did that!" I wasn't even allowed to pierce my ears. The new crowd is kind of getting their own style into it but I think that's good.

KB: You have the final word. What would you like to say to your fans young and old?

WJ: Just keep on rockin' - and if you have a party, invite me!


Our thanks to Wendell Goodman at Wanda Jackson Enterprises for setting up the interview and furnishing much appreciated photos. Those wishing to keep up with the doings of The First Lady Of Rockabilly Music should check out her website at www.wandajackson.com.

Ken Burke can be reached at driguana1@aol.com.

NYC's Premiere Indie Label
RADICAL RECORDS

World Hardcore Punk Center Stands Tall!

clocked in




tied to the mast

Emotionally-charged, twin guitar quintet with a razor-sharp edge from Atlanta GA; Fans of Fugazi, Avail, Quicksand, Sick Of It All, Hot Water Music, et al.

Out Jan. 22 2002

too legit for the

THROWDOWN
"Baby Got Back"
(Sir Mix-A-Lot)



E-TOWN CONCRETE
"The World Is Yours"
(Nas)

CANDIRIA
"Deep Cover"
(Dre/Snoop)

hardcore takes the rap

www.radicalrecords.com

Online Catalog of Punk/Hardcore/Ska/Ol'

New: Remastered Dead Kennedys, plus: 25 Ta Life, Agents, Anti-Heros, Authority, Avail, Blanks 77, The Business, Cook Sparrer, Cuffs, Dropkick Murphys, Hot Rod Circuit, I.C.U., Inspector 7, Murphy's Law, Sex Pistols/ Exploited Tributes, Oil/Skamps, Violent Society, Wretched Ones, and more!

77 Bleecker St. NY, NY 10012
212-475-1111; fx 475-3676

Recommended listening.

Rockin' In The Country: The Best Of Wanda Jackson (Rhino, 1990) and **Vintage Collection Series** (Capitol, 1996) are the best single disc introductions to Jackson's early work. Both contain Jackson's sassy run of rockabilly records as well as her big country hits. With it's inclusion of country classics "My Big Iron Skillet" and "The Box That It Came In," and the openly erotic "Savin' My Love," the Rhino set has the zingier edge. The Capitol collection contains more tracks and concentrates mainly on her fine rockers, including "Rock Your Baby," "I Gotta Know," and "Hard Headed Women," there's enough difference between the two releases that you won't be sorry getting both.

Right Or Wrong (Bear Family, 1993), a 4 disc, 124 song set contains all Jackson's early recordings with Billy Gray on Decca and hot-boppin' numbers on Capitol. Every great rockabilly side Jackson ever barked out is here as well as her forays into pop and country crossover. It's a pricey import catalog item, but until an American company gets around to reissuing her work in detail, it's the only place where you can find her best work in abundance.

Tears Will Be The Chaser For Your Wine (Bear Family, 1997), details Jackson's career as a mature country hitmaker and sports 8 CDs filled with of all her Capitol recordings c.1963 to 1973. There are some real oddities here; songs sung in other languages, live tracks, and rare b-sides. It's all topped off with a brilliant booklet written by Colin Escott.






P5!'s PUSSYPAGE!

life isn't crazy that serious, it's relaxing and fun and sexy



JUST TRY IT

Bad
girls
are
not
born,
they are made—

indulgences 
EVERY GIRL DESERVES
SOME OF THE GOOD STUFF  

life's little PLEASURES

tips and tricks for living a richer and more connected life.

you just wanted

Are you ever worked?



cool

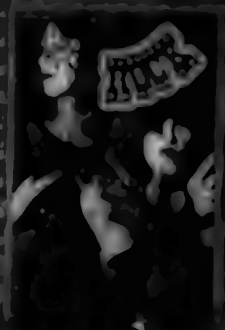
Yummy



Dynamite!



b-movie
monsters



DO THINGS YOU'D NEVER DO

You know that snooching feels sensational



Being single can be way more exciting than it's cracked up to be!

After 5 or so years of being in not one but 2 very back and forth intense, painstaking, complicated, totally crazy relationships-sometimes both at the same time- I almost hate to admit how thrilling it feels to suddenly be newly single again! (I may be a single girl almost in her 30's in the city but I still don't like sex in the city!)

Life is full of surprises again! It feels like having all the time in the world....to talk with interesting strangers at length, flirt, listen with undivided attention and try out different ways of being. I guess reinventing myself in a sense. To be able to open my eyes again! And feel sparkly and new!

There are like 17 guys around my neighborhood who I have little crushes on! All very innocent; tho it makes me feel all giddy, bouncy, hyper-energetic (ie: horny!) like how it felt back in high skool! (fun!)

I am also wildly aware of the fact that women experience their sexual peak in their 30's and I'm almost 30! This is exciting to me since I rather fancy the idea of having the libido equivalent of an 18 year old boy! (Bring it on!) I once considered myself this naive girl looking to experience as many new things as possible hoping to become corrupted. Now I am feeling more like an experienced (somewhat) vixen who has just as much of a desire to corrupt as to still be into being corrupted! (And surprised!)

My new "single- woman -in- her- sexual- peak" fantasies running amok thru my mind.....

I love the idea of being with a younger boy (age 18-24 or so) who is sweetly inexperienced but in the horny throes of his eager to please sexual peak- He will be pussy whipped in no time (always a great boost for the 'ol ego!). Who says purely physical lust and pleasure is the furthest thing from a woman's mind? That all we care about is sappy stuff like feelings, flowers, stuffed animals and poems?! Maybe I could teach him something...leave a sexy imprint on his mind and soul!

The younger man/(b)older woman fantasy has always turned me on kinda like in the Graduate which is a pretty good movie except for Dustin Hoffman being in it. He has always annoyed me as an actor.

Another fantasy I commonly have is the opposite version-the younger woman/older man fantasy and preferably a tall dark and exotically handsome older man! In this scenario he would be the teacher and I the willing student (tho I'd still have plenty to teach him too!) He'd probably be confident, mysterious?, persistent, moody. (Not to say I'm particularly fond of moody men, but that's just how it goes in the fantasy...) Maybe he'd be some kind of writer or

(blocked?) artist. Now I'm thinking of the Last Tango in Paris...Marlon Brando! (yea!) Or how about 9 1/2 Weeks WITHOUT the psychotic head trip?!

I can't help but have the ever- exciting bad boy fantasy, perhaps my favorite kind of all! How can anyone resist the cheeky satisfaction of the forbidden, unrequited love turning requited and visions of riding off into the sunset on a motorcycle with the baddest boy in town?!?

Unfortunately the riding off into the sunset part never seems to happen and I should know since all the boys I've loved most have been complete and total bad asses (sometimes in a good way and sometimes not so) I'm still hoping for the fairy tale ending with my favorite bad boy! But of course who knows if it will ever REALLY happen? Maybe the bad boy thing just isn't designed to work out that way?! While I sit here trying to figure it out you should go rent Buffalo 66 for a perfect example of what I mean and why the bad boy thing is so sexy even after also being so totally played out as a concept! Another hot flick I love is David Lynch's wild at heart!

I used to kinda like the married man/single chick fantasy but after having that one blow up in my face a few times I learned my lesson and realized it really isn't all it's cracked up to be by stupid soap operas and lame mainstream women's magazines. Married men on the prowl are manipulative scuzz bags so do yourself a favor and just say no!

MORE FANTASIES I LIKE;

- * Making out with women
- * Real life rape sucks and I want nothing to do with it but I can't deny I do have the occasional rape FANTASY
- * Doing it on the beach just like in the movies with the waves crashing into your pulsating bodies, etc.
- * Soft s&m
- * Filming a homemade porno even tho if I ever did go thru with that it'd have to be with someone I truly trust!

NO WAY JOSE! -

- * Bestiality (although I did once have a rather interesting dream I was getting eaten out by a giant cat with it's scratchy sandpaper tongue!)
- * Furries (I really can't imagine that fucking a stuffed animal or it's likeness could be anything other than hysterically funny!)
- * Brown showers and water sports (call me crazy but I believe the only place shit and piss belongs is in the toilet!)

P5

LACE

- 1 Choose the lace six inches of lace is all you need. Cut the fabric into pieces slightly larger than each of your nails.
- 2 Select a nail color. Apply base coat and polish.
- 3 Place a square of lace on top of each (almost dry) nail, and gently paint over each with a clear topcoat.
- 4 Trim the overhanging lace.

A girl who looks great

(but not like she tried too hard)

to the imagination, but still leave something

TRY growing house plants

NAILS

Reveal lots of skin

treat yourself

Create a completely customized images journal by cutting out images that you find provocative and pasting them onto the pages of an inneped diary

CAT EYES!



and the finest man in town

Invest in a black garter



Remember, you are unique. Just like everyone else!

If you're a happy person, you live longer.

person, you live longer.

glamour

Chocolate Martini

sounds gross, tastes great. Pour 2 oz. vodka into a highball glass. Add a dash of sweet vermouth and 1 oz. chocolate liqueur (Godiva or Godet). Shake it up with four ice cubes, then pour through a strainer into a martini glass. Serves one. You can make up to two martinis at one time, no more.

rock

PARKING

punk

Piña Colada

Are You a Bad Girl?

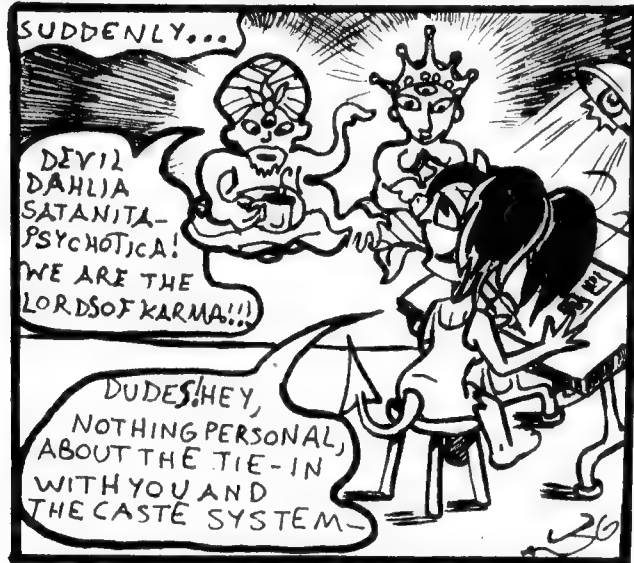
Why then do I keep telling you to try to be the smart, pretty, witty and wise girl who definitely frightens some men away? Ah, because you don't scare all men away when you live up to the best that's in you. You don't scare off the secure and self-assured men.

tired of spending a fortune on your hair? grab a scissors d.i.y. It's not that hard.

SHE'S THE LIFE OF EVERY PARTY!

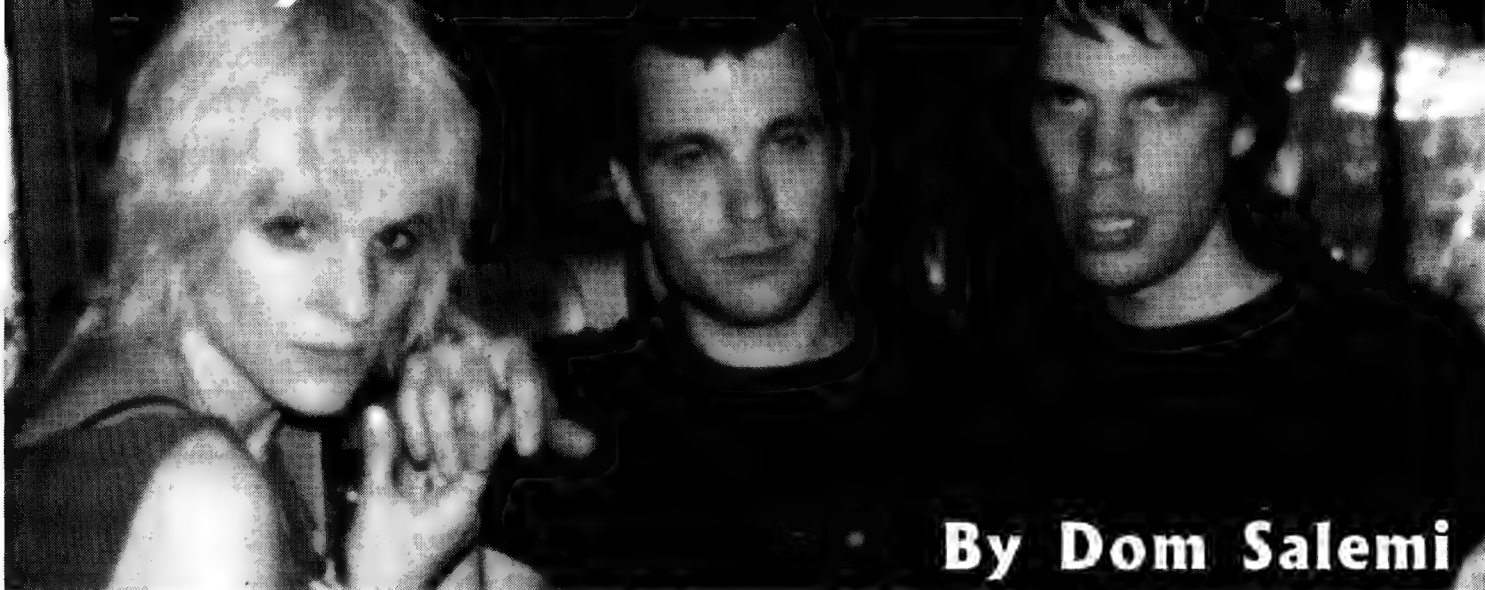
LBONGWATER BLUDDHISTS

©2001 JENNY GONZALEZ



Combining the artsy experimentalism of the new wave with the tuneful thrashing of the best '70's new york punk.

Bloody Good: the Crimson Sweet



By Dom Salemi

Brutarian: Tell us about the origins and name of your band.

Rich Lathers: This is not a topic that we all agree on. I got kicked out of Ugly Stick and . . .

Rooster Booster: Untrue. It was snowing mightily, and Rich and I were out for a walk. We found Rob half-frozen underneath the wing of a sparrow; we took him home, fed him some gruel, and as he warmed up, he began to rock.

Robbie Kongress: I'm 6'6", and we're named after a watermelon. This is the Truth.

Brutarian: Your cut on the Dead Moon tribute double CD is one of the highlights. Tell us how you managed to score a spot on this most excellent collection.

RK: We're all huge fans of Dead Moon, and we had just started playing "Can't Let Go" in our set. We borrowed a four-track, set up our gear in a church I was working at, and rocked out. Last Chance Records heard the recording, and they were into it.

RB: Yeah, our version is a little punker than a lot of the stuff on the comp, but fuck it, you really can't fuck up a Dead Moon song, they're all too fucking awesome.

RL: Our only regret is that our van blew a head gasket while we were on tour that spring, so we never

made it out to the Crystal Ballroom for the release party.

Brutarian: Tell us too why so few people, especially back east, have never heard of Mr. Cole. That's one of the reasons we find your inclusion on the disc so unusual.

RK: They were the best band at Cavestomp a few years ago.

RB: Rob goes to all that shit, in his little pointy boots.

RK: Booster's too busy cooling her little pointy head at Steve Kilbey shows . . .

RL: Dead Moon don't play here very often but when they do they pack the house. To us, it doesn't seem like nobody's heard of them, because all our friends have. But we've played shows in other towns where we introduce the song, the next song is a Dead Moon cover, and it's like, the sound of crickets chirping and the rustle of 20 sixteen-year-olds reaching for a cigarette.

Brutarian: Describe your sound - it sounds like rock and roll to me with a woman who has an amazing ability to go from sounding like someone truly possessed to a sultry siren who could drive you mad with desire if you were foolish enough to listen to her.

RK: I call it fastrock.

RB: Remember, we found him under the wing of a sparrow.

RL: Glam. Punk. Trash. Ultramarine. Hey, is this thing on . . . ?

Brutarian: John Lennon once said its the sound and the feeling that's most important with rock and roll not so much the lyrics. Agree or disagree?

RB: Agree.

RK: Agree, It may be corny but I will take soul and emotion over clever lyrics.

RL: Lyrics are important, that's how I can tell the difference between a good band and a good band which is made up of morons.

Brutarian: Is there a future for the kind of pure aggressive rock and roll you guys play? Labels like Crypt and Estrus and In The Red are promoting it but it's not really selling is it?

RB: Many people define the 'future' as a positive thing. You know, we could all be crushed by the attack of the giant killer ants tomorrow...

RL: Attack of the giant killer ants could never really happen.

RK (excited): Yes, we could all die tomorrow, and that would still, today anyway, be considered the future. So yes. There is a future for this kind of rock and roll, and WE ARE IT!!!!

Brutarian: Eldridge Cleaver once said that with rock and roll blacks gave middle class whites back their bodies. True? Not true? And isn't that part of the reason rock is so important to so many, it allows you to get in touch with the more primitive, the physical side if you will, of yourself?

RB: I have mixed feelings about that, because yeah, middle-class whites fully ripped off the blues, and copied black rock'n'rollers, but at the same time, I take issue with the concept of giving people back their bodies, the idea behind it being totally divisive, like if you're dancing or rocking out, then your body is more your own than it is when you're passed out, stoned out of

your mind watching some chamber orchestra stagger through Chopin at the uptown church. I think that plays directly to the stereotype of the athletic, fun-loving, black and the uptight, aristocratic white, and I think it's bullshit. And I LOVE rock'n'roll.

RL: It's hard to overstate the scope and import of the African-American contribution to American culture in general and American music in particular. But the pursuit of getting in touch with one's more primitive, physical side is universal. It is not the domain of one culture or another. Rock and Roll is a great way to eclipse the conscious mind and ordinary senses and to experience the primitive and the visceral, but it is by no means the first or even the coolest. Handling poisonous snakes in religious rites is the coolest.

RK: I believe that rock and roll is a liberating force, and I think that the core of rock and roll is African. Getting physical and, primitive are personally enjoyable activities to me, especially on a one-to-one basis. That is an even cooler form of snake-handling.

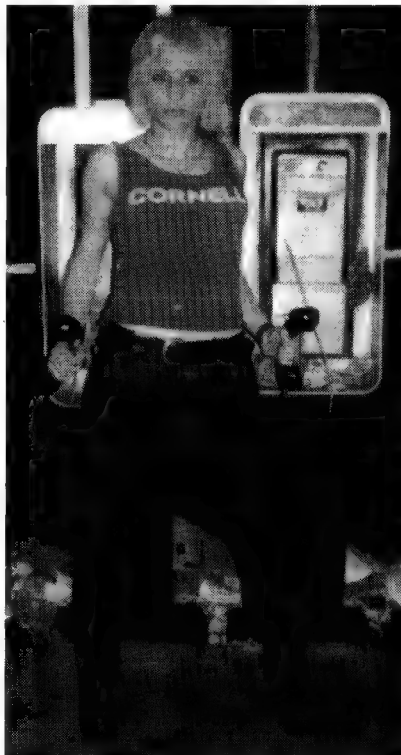
Brutarian: The last time we spoke to you, we were talking about the music possibly being more important than the lyrics, that reminded me that a great aesthete once said that all art aspires to music, i.e., music is the supreme form, of artistic expresion. Agree or disagree and why?

RK: Not to evade the question, but I feel that what elevates any art form is not the medium itself but rather the individual's commitment to the art. For example, in the film Fitzcaraldo, Klaus Kinski's character is driven to bring opera to the jungle, basically a pointless exercise. Passion and commitment are what I find most inspiring; the medium is secondary.

RB: I love music more than anything, but I can't honestly say that I believe it is a purer art form than, say, writing or painting.

RL: Music is cool and one reason why it's one of the most important forms of expression to me is that, for Crimson Sweet, it's a collaborative process. When three people are trying to be creative and expressive together, there is a real purification or distillation of ideas.

Brutarian: Seems to be something of a NY rock and roll underground Renaissance happening these days. If



so tell us something about it and who the flag bearers of this new movement are.

RB: Movement? Here's the movement we're involved in: we're touring the Midwest, eating cold beef rigatoni out of cans three meals a day, and we run into another band from Portland, Oregon going the other way. They tell us that they have discovered that if you leave the cans on the dash, the sun will heat them up and they'll at least be lukewarm, and we, Crimson Sweet, are genuinely grateful for that information. *THOSE ARE THE CIRCLES WE TRAVEL IN!*

RL: Around and around and around. . .

Brutarian: If you haven't mentioned it before, could you please talk about your influences. We hear jangling, ringing dissonant gtr noise reminiscent of early 80s NY art bands and vocals incorporating a bit of the pyrotechnics of 80s SoCal Gothic (Of course, we could be all wet here and we don't mind being told so.)

RB: Medic!

RL: I pretty much listen to X and the Rolling Stones.

RK: Pagans, Roy Orbison, Dead Moon, and Diagnosis Murder, starring Dick Van Dyke. And cough syrup.

RB: Some people in this band who shall remain nameless have gone swimming in hotel pools after shoving morphine suppositories up their hoo-hoos. And it wasn't me.

RL: Back to the music. We are all Guns'N'Roses loving fools. Art and goth are on the same grocery list for us as saltless pretzels and ginger ale: maybe when we're older.

Brutarian: We haven't seen such poetic evocations of drug use since Jim Carroll, are drugs a big part of the experience that shapes the band's sound and lyrical approach?

RL: Uh. . .

RK: Ah.. .

RB: WHAT?? Oh, I must've nodded off for a second there...

Brutarian: If any part of this question is yes than comment on Joris Karl Huysman's description of the beauty of narcotics:

A. It first excites and stimulates and then

B. It induces a languor haunted by vague reveries which leads to...

C. a whole cavalcade of dreams to which one can passively submit.

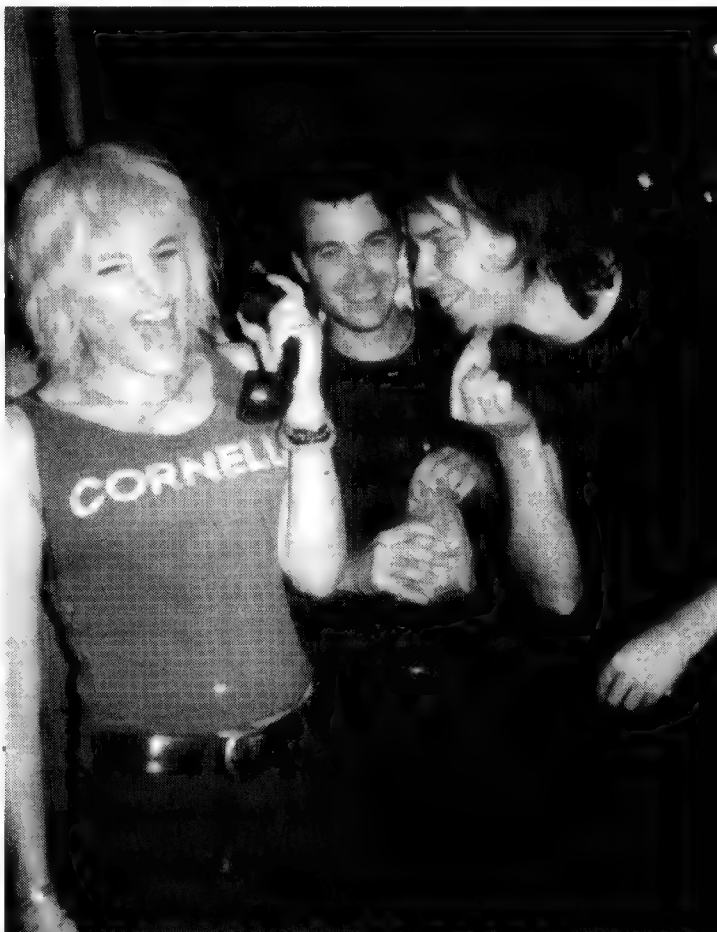
RB: Hand me the needle, we'll get to the bottom of this one. . .

RK: Narcotics can lead to other states of mind, languor, dreams etc., But so can sleep deprivation, weird foods, physical exertion etc. Drugs are usually faster though...

RL: "Love is the drug, the drug for me".

RK: Yeah, but I bet you anything Bryan Ferry was high when he wrote that.

END



Crimson Sweet Discography

1999

SGZ-001 Crimson Sweet s/t 7" black vinyl **SOLD OUT**

songs:

Size of My Thighs/Quick Trigger/Z Rainbow/
I Wanna Live

2000

SGZ-002 Robot Bus Driver 7" clear vinyl a few left

songs:

CTR/Robot Bus Driver/Bad Riddle/
I Can Touch You Now

LC-006 In The Cole Mind - A tribute to Dead Moon
Last Chance Records - Portland, OR

Features dozens of bands from all over the world covering Portland, Oregon's legendary Dead Moon. Crimson Sweet covers "Can't Let Go," other standouts include Antietam's "Out on a Wire," the Heavy Johnson Trio's "Psychedelic Nightmare" and DeBossen's "Dagger Moon."

2001

SGZ-003 Foil Beach CD EP Available
Blow Gold Zebra Records

songs:

Queen City VA/Foil Beach/The Law/
You'll Sleep When I'm Dead/Lost Planet

As for obtaining these releases, the ones that are not sold out are available at our live shows as well as from Vital Music Distribution at www.vitalmusic.net

The comp from Last Chance Records is available from their web site:

www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Venue/7980/lastchance.htm

If you are off the grid you can throw some well-concealed cash (\$3 for 7", \$6 for CD, European orders add \$1 shipping please) in an envelope and mail it to:

Crimson Sweet
Blow Gold Zebra Records
P O Box 20506
New York, NY 10009



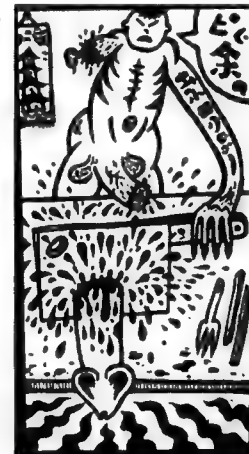
Mike Diana
Guilty Artist Site

.....

- Comix & Zines •
- Poster Prints •
- Paintings •
- T-shirts •

• Original color/b&w artwork •

www.testicle.com/mikediana.htm

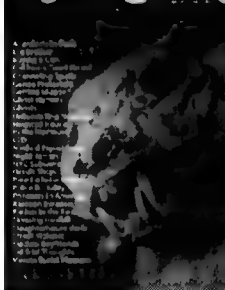


Morbid Curiosity

Satisfy Your Curiosity.

Issue #6 gets beaten by cops, hallucinates naturally, dodges Big Brother at work, survives medical experiments, hunts ghosts, and fishes a floater out of San Francisco Bay. All experiences guaranteed 100% true!

Morbid Curiosity



Previous issues still available:

Issue #5: survives terrorism, sleeps in a casket, gets off on spinal injections, ends up in prison, stars in porn...and much more!

Issue #4: tries self-mutilation and necrophilia, breaks into tombs, drives a hearse, chases the Zodiac Killer...

Issue #3: survives cancer, finds the landlord dead, visits the Bone Chapel and the mummies at Guanajuato...

Each \$6 in the U.S., \$10 overseas. Checks payable to Loren Rhoads.

Automatism Press, P.O. Box 12308
San Francisco, CA 94112-0308

morbid@chamel.com

www.chamel.com/morbidcuriosity/



ANATOMY

(d) Stefan Ruzowitsky
(2000)

A young man awakes to find himself on a stainless steel table. Looking up into the harsh bright lights of an operating theatre he finds himself unable to move, barely able to speak. His whispered anguished questions are ignored by the doctors. Finding that he can slightly lift his head, our patient summons the courage to look down at his body. Only to find that his abdomen has been cut open and the skin removed, and that his left hand has been propped up, pinned down and had the flesh removed from most of the fingers.

You never really recover from this ghastly prelude and Ruzowitsky cleverly exploits this time-dishonored B-movie ploy by consistently reminding us throughout ANATOMY that we could be witnesses to such a terrifying and bowel-emptying scene at any moment.

Which is a good thing, as this rather formulaic medical thriller contains few thrills, fewer chills and almost no spills in the blood department. There's also little in the way of nudity. Which is a damn shame when you've got the sultry Franka Potente (RUN LOLA RUN) in the lead and you've given her a zaftig blonde slattern as a friend (Anna Loos). Both are brilliant medical students attending

the prestigious Heidelberg med school and both spend an inordinate amount of time taxing our and their fellow male students' patience by making-out and leaving their clothes on.

About midway through the flick, the pneumatic Loos finally strips down to bra and panties but she's immediately killed by her jealous boyfriend. Turns out the boy pal is a member of a secret medical society, the Anti-Hippocrates, an organization that enjoys dissecting the living. All in the name of research don't you know. Yeah, sure. Did Ozzy forget to tell you that these guys are German?

Anyway, Potente is on to the Hippocrates but what she doesn't know is that said society actually runs the med school. Which is the reason her pleas and protestations fall on deaf ears in the administration and are met with open sarcasm by the police. Only one person believes her. Guess who it is? Right, the hunky first year guy with whom she's in love.

Despite the formulaic plotting and the hackneyed story, ANATOMY displays an engagingly cynical attitude toward the medical profession, coy and understated acting and the alluring Potente heaving and sighing and whimpering. And Oh! That opening - forgive the pun - moment; it's enough to have you running to the Christian Scientists the next time your feel-

ing under the weather.



THE PORNOGRAPHER

(d) Doug Atchison
(1999)

Well, Oz took a gander at the box housing this disc and he done seen all the natty pictures and read the critical raves and so He rented it expecting a kind of Dostoyevskian study of the dark side of the human soul. Or just a mildly entertaining potboiler with a lot of silly characters. What he got was the worst of both: a pretentious melodrama peopled with individuals so shallow they vanish when turning sideways. The Pornographers centers its putative story on a pathologically shy twenty-something's attempts to break into the porn film business. Oh he's supposed to be lonely and tortured our would-be pornographer but he's attractive and articulate and he lives in LA and has a nice job and a decent haircut and sharp clothes . . . Not exactly a picture of the tortured soul now is he? He's a little boring, true; nevertheless, when did that ever stop a horny guy from getting laid? Stops this guy cold. So he sticks to hookers and videos until it hits him one day that he can make better stroke flicks than the stuff he watches. Probably

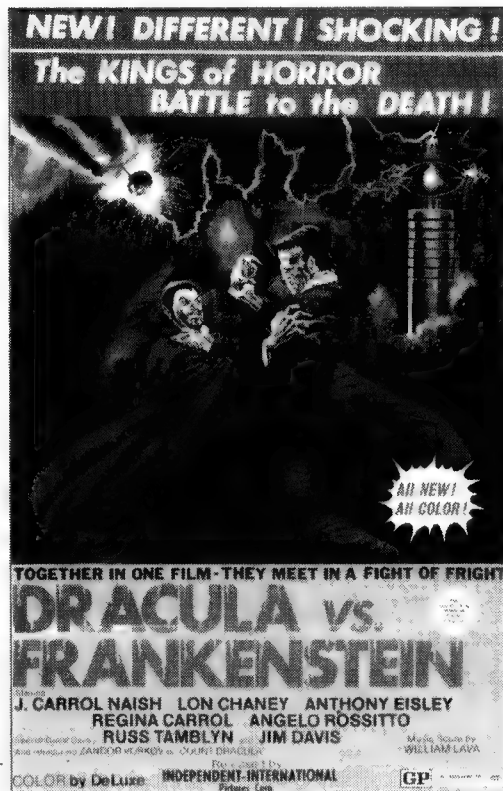
result in his having to stop paying for sex too. Now, we're supposed to believe that a man with this kind of get-up-and-go is going to have trouble meeting girls? Ladies and gentlemen, what we have here is an unbelievably silly screenplay, and thus we find ourselves compelled to ask: just what is it that made the critics rave? Yes, there's a nice performance by Craig Wasson as a scumbag porno producer but it's a supporting role in a film otherwise filled with nondescript performances. No, there's nothing sordid about the look or feel of the film and there's no subtext; everything is front and center and clearly delineated. Aha, that's it! The Pornographers is a movie about a nobody doing nothing to get nowhere. How existential! How delightfully vacuous!! How irritating for those who do not like French films (which at least have copious amounts of nudity to offset the longeurs).



DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN

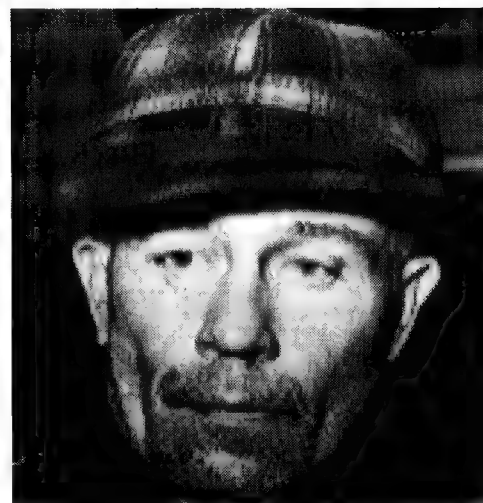
(d) Al Adamson
(1969/71)

You see, now this is the reason we're all switching over to DVD: classic bad films re-released in mint conditions with deleted scenes and alternate audio tracks. But never mind that, here's a film even the most pretentious individuals will enjoy. Yes, it's Al "Satan's Sadists" Adamson's *Dracula vs. Frankenstein*, a movie years in the making and only brought to you after numerous script rewrites. Of course, whether a script was actually employed in the making of this turkey is highly doubtful, as the narrative is largely incoherent and filled with plot holes large enough to drive a



truck through. It has something to do with Dracula forcing Dr. Frank to revive his monster so as to use it to scare people into producing blood with a higher count of something or other and then transferring that blood into dead people so as to reanimate them as superhuman zombies. Hey, Ozzy said the story was incoherent so don't look at Him! What's fun to look at is almost everything in this messierpiece. A monster that has what looks like a Danish for a face. Dracula with plastic teeth, curly hair and a badly dyed goatee. J. Carrol Naish as the deranged doc desperately trying to enunciate through an ill-fitting pair of false teeth. Lon Chaney, Jr. as a mute, sweaty psychopath, toting an axe in one hand and a puppy in the other. And let's not forget famed dwarf actor, Angelo Rossitto, who is asked to be menacing despite the fact that he's about twenty-two inches tall! Plus Russ Tamblyn once again assaying the role of a deranged biker, Anthony Eisley as a badly aging beach bum, Regina Carrol failing to remotely convince

as a big-time Las Vegas singer, and some of the props from *The Bride of Frankenstein*. There's more, much more, but why spoil the fun? Rent or buy this and begin a lifetime love affair with le bad cinema.



ED GEIN

(d) Chuck Parelo
(2000)

Answers the time-honored question: Is it possible to make a boring movie about a serial killer who was the inspiration for *Psycho* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*? Final answer? Yes and so, needless to say, Oz was real real disappointed in this flick despite the interesting performances of Steve Railsback (playing Gein as shuffling, mumbling dolt) and Carrie Snodgrass (as the sociopathic Bible-thumping mom) and a few genuinely disturbing scenes. That's because most of Chuck Parelo's film finds the avuncular Ed sitting around shooting the shit with the good people of Plainfield Wisconsin and since Ed is essentially a moron, the conversation is about nothing at all. Ed complains about headaches and the evils of this

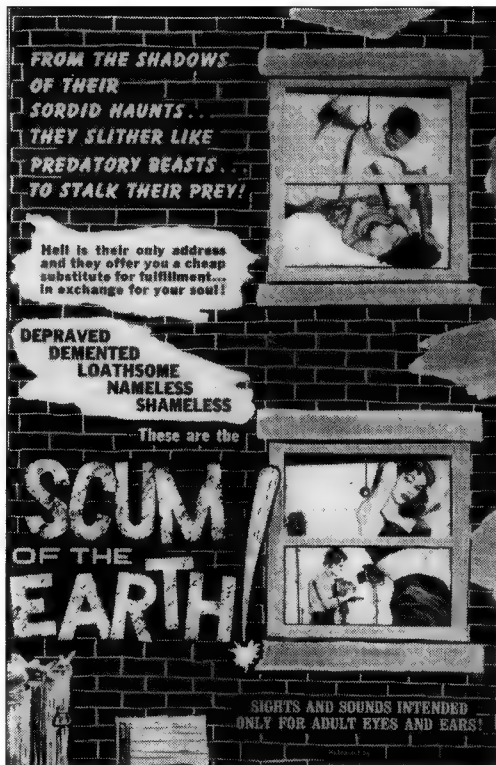
world and talks to his dead mom but there's nothing interesting per se in it. Dialogue and monologue are supposed to reveal character but if your central figure has no character you better place said character in an interesting story or surround him with interesting people. Parelo does neither, he just moves from scene to static scene apparently believing that it's enough to put a deranged man in the center of each sequence. Chuck, baby, we know the face of evil is banal, we get your point; however, banal does not make for good entertainment.



SCUM OF THE EARTH AKA THE DEVIL'S CAMERA

(d) H. G. Lewis
(1963)

Hey, we found another movie with that Mal Arnold guy! You know, the one that played the psychotic Egyptian caterer in BLOOD FEAST. Here he once again mugs shamelessly as an underage punk toiling as a factotum for a porn ring. Never mind that Mal looks to be in his late thirties, nothing in this badly dated laugh riot makes sense. Or maybe you can explain how a porn ring has to threaten women with rape and blackmail in order to ensure a steady supply of pulchritudinous pics. The politically correct amongst us will no doubt be quick to note that there's nothing funny about the exploitation and abuse of women. We must respectfully disagree. Especially when the characters are mentally challenged caricatures, and the dialogue consists of lines like: "You're damaged merchandise and this is a fire sale." Not to mention the story, which asks us to imagine a virginal high school senior would



allow herself to be shot in exotic poses in exchange for tuition at a local community college. That's right, not Harvard or Notre Dame; this gal is willing to become the laughingstock of her community merely for the chance to attend a local diploma factory! You start piling up incongruities like this, you can have your dramatis personae eating puppies and the audience isn't going to care one way or the other. Well, actually, they're going to laugh hysterically and that's why Lewis, with the help of producer David Friedman, makes sure nothing bears the remotest resemblance to any reality you know. So dig: why is our little community-college wannabe's father about one hundred and ninety years old?

They didn't have Viagra around the time of the Civil War, did they? And why is "dad" virtually sitting in his little girl's lap whenever he's talking to her? Aren't there laws about this kind of thing? And just how does one make money selling candid snapshots to high school seniors? Are we talking

Howard Hughes High or what? Many many questions. No answers. That's the essence of black black comedy.



BRUISER

(d) George Romero
(2001)

Is this truly the effort of a man who changed the face of horror with Night of the Living Dead and then again with Dawn of the Dead? Was it not once, not too long ago, that he could say, I am George Romero, look on my works ye schlockmeisters and despair? Well, maybe, although this sumptuous looking but brain-dead hackneyed literary exercise masquerading as a fright flick is certainly not the best evidence. Released directly to video, Bruiser tells the slightly surreal story of a milque-toastish advertising executive who wakes up one day to find his face encased in a white death mask. Reveling in the freedom his erased identity brings, the executive proceeds to enact revenge on all who've crossed him over the years. It's all rather humdrum despite the lavish sets with Romero contenting himself with getting from one scene to another without passion or inspiration. Apparently, George felt that his ambulatory metaphor was so complex and imaginative that he merely needed to put it through its paces. The result is a plodding, vacuous exercise, which shows the futility of trying to stretch a single idea into a one hundred-plus minute feature.



THE BABY

(d) Ted Post
(1972)

File this under: Just When You Think You've Seen It All Dept. Don't roll your eyes and act so blasé mon petit enfant; not when you've got a grown man crawling around in diapers and playing the part of a retarded infant. That's right, an adult wetting himself and sleeping in a crib. Gurgles and other baby noises post-synched but it's still pretty disturbing. Especially when the poor thing's caretakers are his boozy mother (Ruth Roman) and his two nymphomaniacal sisters. Who enjoy slapping Baby (that's his name) around and shocking him with a cattle prod. They also enjoy sleeping with their manchild if you know what Ozzy means and He thinks you do.

Shocked? Social worker Anjanette Comer is too although she's only guessing what really happens behind closed doors. Still, she gets tired of reasoning with Baby's insane clan and threatens to go to court. Roman and her daughter's riposte is to throw Baby a birthday party, invite Comer to show what a loving family they really are, and then kill her at an opportune moment during the festivities. OK OK this bit is pretty contrived but dig this party with all these social misfits and fashion casualties drinking and drugging and frugging while this huge baby crawls around like a dog with birthday cake smeared all over his face. It's wrong, Oz tells ya. Just wrong. Sick and wrong.

Anyhoo, Comer is slipped a mick-ey and tied up in the basement but with the help of Baby manages to escape. Oh yeah, Comer takes Baby with her and doesn't call the cops. Or the Child Welfare Office. That's because there's something wrong with Comer, too. She says she's happily married and she

lives in this big beautiful house but she spends nights drinking with her mother-in-law and looking at slides of her husband. She's keeping Baby and now we have to guess why.

Roman and company don't give a shit. Once they realize that Comer isn't going to the authorities they storm the house. And get far more than they bargained for. Without ever learning why Comer wants to keep their little . . . Baby.

We learn, and let Oz tell ya, it was a twist ending giving new meaning to the word "twist." It's been two days and many many drinks later and Mr. Fide still has trouble keeping his mouth closed. That's what happens when slack-jawed astonishment is allowed to set in.



BODY MELT

(d) Philip Brophy
(1983)

Here's a sick little gorefest which appears to have slipped through the cracks; an Australian film taking its cues from the storyboards of Peter Jackson. Here we have residents of a cookie-cutter suburb of Melbourne unknowingly ingesting experimental vitamins sent to them as samples via the mail. Small doses result in wiggly hallucinations, larger doses cause abnormal swellings, explosions and literal meltdowns. None of it is too terribly frightening but it's all terribly funny and what the script lacks in suspense or profundity it more than makes up for in tasteless gross-outs and cheap laughs. Aside from the gratuitously nauseating special effects, the standouts include an opening nude scene with a lean, gorgeous forty-something bombshell and a mutant family that makes the clan in *The Hills Have Eyes* look like the Von Trapps. Not a classic by any means but well worth a look. Just make sure you're not eating dinner when you pop this in the DVD player.





VIGILANTE

(d) William Lustig
(1983)

After setting the genre world on fire with the notorious Maniac, director William Lustig went on to film his answer to Death Wish with this gritty, down-and-dirty potboiler. Robert Forster stars as a somewhat simple-minded mechanic who watches the system fail and then jail him after his young child is murdered and his wife assaulted by a Harlem street gang. With the help of a couple of his co-workers, one of whom includes Fred Williamson, Forster, once released from the slammer, begins to track down the badly-aging JDs who've turned his world upside down. Normally this would take an almost Herculean effort but Williamson and his pals have been doing the urban vigilante thing long before Forster gets hip to the way of the gun and lead baseball bat. So the gang and the men who pull their strings never really have a chance. Lustig suffuses his hyperactive screenplay with the stink and rot of urban decay; his mean streets look foreboding and dissolute, his dimly lit tenement halls and bars reek of stale beer and piss. Williamson is some kind of wonderful as the avenging angel; he spits out his lines so forcefully he nearly chokes on

them. Forster is equally as good as our everyman, beautifully and effortlessly working the slow emotional transit from sweet naivete to brutal psychopath. If there's a weakness here, it's with the sudden ending, which makes little sense and looks forced, as if the filmmakers' ran out of money and/or film. Until that time, however, Vigilante just grabs you by the throat and doesn't let go.



LA BETE

aka **The Beast**
aka **Death's Ecstasy**
(d) Walerian Borowczyk
(1975)

An American heiress, Lucy Broadhurst, has arrived with her dowager aunt at a slightly louche estate where she is to be given away to Mathurin, the estate's unsavory-looking heir. The wedding cannot take place until the morrow when the Cardinal, the older brother of Mathurin's father will arrive to preside at the marriage ceremony. Which is rather upsetting to Lucy as a horse-coupling witnessed upon her arrival has decidedly aroused her. As day turns to night and our young heroine's lust grows thanks to her discovery of all manner of bestial-erotic art decorating the estate, fantasies begin to take hold. Strange fantasies. Disturbing fantasies. Fantasies that find Ms. Broadhurst fleeing from an ursine creature. A beast with a huge, continually-spurting phallus. Coming closer and closer. Much to Lucy's delight. In fact our heroine ends up fucking and sucking her beastly so much she winds up killing him. Wild, weird stuff, huh? It's unbelievably graphic too and decidedly unerotic; Borowczyk's point being that repressed ardor is anything but

pretty or romantic. In contrast, the one decidedly beautiful and erotic scene in the film finds Lucy succumbing to desire and tenderly masturbating with a rose, the classic symbol of romance and love.



CHOPPER

(d) Andrew Dominik
(2001)

Based on the memoirs of real-life Australian psychopathic criminal, Mark Brandon "Chopper" Read, this debut effort from country-mate Andrew Dominik has garnered all sorts of awards from international film bodies. While unstinting in its depiction of violence and filled with incendiary set pieces, Chopper adds up to less than the sum of its parts. Genre fans will no doubt be delighted with the throat-cuttings and stab-bings and shootings but most viewers will hardly fail to notice the lack of story or the startlingly shallow quality of the characters. Still, the filmmakers could have used this as a springboard for an examination of an Australia which has made a celebrity of such a vicious, unfeeling brute and mythologized the demimonde from which he sprang but Chopper, fails to follow through on this intriguing premise. Aussie comedian, Eric Bana, although not given much with which to work, really has a blast with the character, using all the physical and vocal tricks at his quite considerable command to limn a sympathetic and sometimes engaging portrait of a grotesque thug. Watching him work one feels Bana has taken Shakespeare's tag on Iago, "One can smile and smile and yet be a villain," and made it his modus operandi.





Mitch O'Connell's "Stewed, Screwed and Tattooed" FLASH

11 full color sheets containing over
60 all new tattoo designs on 80# 11 X 14"
archival stock with outlines!
Plus, a "Stewed. . ." shop sign!
A total of 23 beautifully printed
sheets, all at the limited
time price of only \$100!
(\$7 shipping, \$15 overseas)

Send orders to:
Good Taste Products
5645 N. Drake Ave.
Chicago IL 60659

See more and pay by credit card at:
www.mitchoconnell.com



Mo'Z
'01



Return of the living Zedd

by Jenny Gonzalez and Lisa Darrow-Badavi

Our first introductions to the work of Nick Zedd were respectively by a scary psychopath and an obsessed, more-goth/industrial-than-you ex boyfriend, but we just can't hold it against him. That's because what he does stands on it's own, from inventing a cinematic movement (The Cinema of Transgression) to reinterpreting Nietzsche for the new millenium. Nick's films are not only transgressive, they're often tongue-in-cheek, prophetic, visionary, dreamlike, nightmarish, and confrontational. So of course when we sat down with him in the back garden of a quiet Williamsburg bar, our heads were swimming with questions. Which ran something as follows:

Jenny: So you've got some new movies out now, like *Elf Panties* and *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. You want to start by talking a little about what each of those are? *Elf Panties* is the most recent one—it's a collaboration with the Reverend Jen Miller. What's that about.

Nick: It's a G-rated fetish film on how to clean dirty panties.

Jenny: And it was her concept?

Nick: Yeah. She stars in it.

Jenny: Will you guys be working together on any more stuff?

Nick: Hopefully. We're working on a screenplay right now. For a feature, maybe.

Jenny: Do you want to say what that one's about or is it a surprise?

Nick: It's a surprise.

Jenny: And how did you get hooked up with working with her?

Nick: I looked at her website and then I went to visit her troll museum, and then I went to some of the Anti-Slams that she does. I discovered there's a lot of talent there, a lot of undiscovered talent that I'll probably be using in this film we do together. Some of the people — the Art Stars of the Anti-Slam.

Jenny: What's the Anti-Slam like?

Nick: It's a Wednesday night weekly open mike on Ludlow St. at the Collective Unconscious. They've been doing it for six years.

Jenny: Is it like a parody of poetry slams?

Nick: Everybody gets a TEN.

Jenny: A TEN?

Nick: Yeah. Usually at these slams it's competitive and elitist, but this is not the case with the Anti-Slam. It's really democratic. Anybody can do it, and everybody gets a TEN.

Jenny: That's cool, I have noticed in these scenes in the East Village, with the so-called anarchists squatters movements, they definitely have these hierarchies, and there definitely is a type of elitism there, which I find kind of —

Nick: Hypocritical.

Jenny: Ironically. So, then there was also an adaptation of the book *Thus Spake Zarathustra* that was a condensed and in a lot of ways comical version of it that you did with John Vomit. Who's he?

Nick: A kid from Maine who contacted me on Instant Message, and wanted to work with me on a movie. He sent me a couple scripts I didn't want to do, but then he sent the script to *Thus Spake Zarathustra* which he wrote and I was excited by. I said, "I want to play Zarathustra." I thought that it was good because I think most people have forgotten what Nietzsche said, that God is dead. There's too

many religious fanatics in the world. I want to destroy all religions.

Jenny: Isn't the full quote "God is dead and you have killed him." (Everyone laughs).

Nick: No.

Lisa: Maybe that's a sign. So out of all the movies that you've done, which do you feel is your best work?

Nick: I don't play favorites. They're like children, you have to love all of them.

Jenny: So you've never looked at work—cuz I know I'll do this—past work you've done and gone "What was I thinking with that one?"

Nick: I see room for improvement in anything. You can never reach perfection.

Jenny: If there is such a thing even.

Nick: Yeah, I have no regrets. I mean, I did the best that I could with each one. And I think that my recent films definitely are an improvement. And it's frustrating when people only know my earlier work and are not familiar with the new stuff.

Jenny: Well, the new DVD you have coming out is going to be like a whole retrospective. Though it doesn't have any of the super early stuff — like *Geek* *Maggot* *Bingo*.

Nick: No, none of the features, but it's got all the short films.

Jenny: Yeah, I definitely see where you've gotten more skilled as a filmmaker. Like in *War Is Menstrual Envy* some of the

camera artwork is gorgeous—like a Renaissance painting, especially the scene where Kembra (Pfahler) is unwrapping the burn victim. So anyway, you've got one book out—are you working on another book?

Nick: I've been working on a book since the mid-90's that's autobiographical.

Jenny: Is it gonna pick up where *Totem of the Depraved* left off?

Nick: Right.

Jenny: Do you have a title yet?

Nick: No Guilt.

Lisa: Who are your inspirations?

Nick: Myself.

Jenny: With music then, I know you started doing that in the past couple years, you had this group the *Zyklon Beatles* going with Nick Bohn. Is that still going on or will you be doing other musical stuff?

Nick: We may do a soundtrack for a film John Vomit wants to collaborate on. We'll see.

Jenny: So how would you describe *Zyklon Beatles*?

Nick: We were a xenomorphic noise unit. I didn't consider us a band really. It was a form of confrontation. I did it kind of like rapping on top of electronic noise, almost like digital hardcore kind of.

Jenny: Yeah I've noticed a lot of rap in some of your movies that seems kind of incongruous with the images,



like in *Why Do You Exist*. Does that interest you?

Nick: Yeah, I'm interested in all different kinds of music. I especially try to use music that's completely inappropriate for the images. I'm totally opposed to the Steven Spielberg/John Williams method of beating you over the head with something in a redundant manner, which is done in Hollywood films constantly, repeating something that you've already seen, which is unnecessary. It's better to combine opposites.

Jenny: I think audiences are used to having information presented to them in a certain way.

Nick: Right and then it becomes propaganda, instead of something creative. Which I'm against.

Jenny: How do people react to some of the ways you present information, like with the triptychs or non-linear storytelling?

Nick: Sometimes they'll come up to me afterward and say that it was amazing, like nothing they've ever seen before. Things sometimes can't be put into words, but one time a guy got ill or something and started to pass out and had to be carried out of the theater. He couldn't take the burn victim with Annie Sprinkle.

Jenny: Another thing I wanted to ask about is when some of your influences show up with other people, like I saw a Marilyn Manson video earlier today where he had "WAR" carved—or probably painted—on his chest like Steven Oddo in the beginning of *War Is Menstrual Envy*, and you've said you thought images looked familiar in *Natural Born Killers*...

Nick: He (Oliver Stone) blatantly ripped off images

from *Whoregasm* and *War Is Menstrual Envy* in that film. Time-lapse photography and insects. .. the solarized horse running...

Jenny: When you see stuff like that, do you feel like "Oh wow, my influence is spreading" or do you feel more frustrated, like "Jesus Christ, I thought of that and now everyone's gonna think it's Oliver Stone?"

Nick: (laughs) I thought it was strange. It was almost hallucinatory seeing *Natural Born Killers* in the theater cuz I'm sitting there and I'm looking at my own film up on the screen, knowing that it's being watched all over the country. It was strange, cuz it was like a mirror image of what I created. I mean, I was flattered...

Jenny: I'm sure he's seen a lot of the transgressive films, because there's that other segment that looks like "You Killed Me First," which is one of Richard Kern's films.

Nick: I just think it would be more honest if he would acknowledge having been influenced by me or maybe paying me.

Jenny: I guess the trouble is they don't have to pay you for being influenced...

Nick: It's like sampling, you know, everybody does it, at least a lot of people do. And it's a good thing, sampling. That's what made rap powerful.

Lisa: So with films that are going on, and music and art in New York, like "the scene" or whatever right now, where do you see that going, and where would you like to see it go?

Nick: It'd be nice if there was a place like Art Space again, someplace that's really a temporary autonomous zone. Right now it seems pretty dead. There isn't any scene really. These little so-called scenes are just sewn up by assholes, like a lot of idiots running everything.

Jenny: Do you feel it was like that in the 70's when you first came to New York?

Nick: No. It was more open. And there were better bands. And now it's like a bunch of phony, like LA poser fashion models pretending to be rock stars or something. And there are sycophants who promote events that are just regurgitations of shit that's already been done. Very little innovation. It's sad.

Jenny: Right, but like you said with the Anti-Slam, there are still pockets of people doing things that are creative.

Nick: Yeah right, and also that thing on Sundays at Surf Reality is open and sometimes there's really talented people. I've seen a couple good bands too, but what you have to go through to see them is pretty wretched. I mean at most of the places where people pay. Actually it's up to the current generation to create their own scene.

Lisa: What do you consider talented, could you just describe that a little more?

Nick: Talent... there's all different kinds of talent, but I like things that surprise me. Things that are surprising and threatening and dangerous. And amusing. They don't have to be all of those things but some of that is good. I mean, I don't know, I was watching videos of Jimi Hendrix and the Who and thinking "How come there aren't bands like this now?" Everybody's too well behaved.

Jenny: Well I'd love to smash instruments like the

Who, but they already did it...

Nick: And you can't afford it?

Jenny: Yeah that's the other thing. Where would you like to see the underground go?

Nick: I'd like to see it be the mainstream.

Jenny: Do you feel it's —like in *They Eat Scum* you have Jimmy having a passionate love affair with his poodle, and now you turn on the tv and there's Tom Green having a passionate love affair with his horse or whatever, it's like bestiality is the new thing to make "edgy" jokes about. Ten years ago it was S&M.

Nick: Everything changes except the avant garde. The avant garde—or the underground seems to be constant sensationalism, and change for it's own sake. Whereas I think things that have more lasting significance have more depth to them, and less concern with shock value. Though I have employed shock value in my films, I think it's really great to use shock value.

(cont'd)

ESTRUS

DOUBLE DOWNHILL SAMPLER

MAN OR ASTROMAN?
GASOLINE
GAS HUFFER

11 BANDS
22 TRACKS
72 MINUTES
1 SUPA LOW PRICE!

THE TOTAL SOUND GROUP
DIRECT ACTION COMMITTEE

P.O. Box 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227
www.estrus.com

VOL. 3

SOLIDAD BROTHERS

THE CHERRY VALENCE
FATAL FLYING GUILLOTINES
THE FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM
FEDERATION X

THE IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS
THE MONKEYWRENCH

\$5.98 ppd.
\$6.98 (list)

Write for a FREE catalog

Distributed by
Touch and Go



Jenny: So do you have any other creative outlets, we talked about music and writing...

Nick: I act in movies sometimes. I acted in a film called *Other People's Mirrors* which was shot in Chicago. It still hasn't been edited yet. I play a stalker.

Jenny: And there was some other film we saw you act in, something about gravity...

Nick: No Such Thing As Gravity.

Jenny: Do you like acting?

Nick: It's work you know? But that film really sucked, I've been in better films than that, like *What About Me?* That was Rachel Amadeo's feature film about a girl who becomes homeless. Inexplicably, she seems to be adopted by these different guys; myself, Richard Hell, Richard Edson. Johnny Thunders had a small part in that too.

Jenny: Did you play a specific character or were you just kind of playing yourself?

Nick: I play this guy who was similar to myself. Everyone played characters similar to themselves; it was sort of improvised. I was in another film called *Bubblegum* that was pretty good that this English guy made. I play this guy who looks sort of like Elvis Presley, that Holly Woodlawn has an obsession with.

Jenny: Are you still doing any drawing?

Nick: Not that much. I did a comic about Shaolin. (a longtime friend of Nick's). It got published in Germany.

Lisa: What inspired you about Shaolin enough to make a whole comic about her?

Nick: Well, the tragicomic aspects of her existence. She's the most neurotic person I ever met, and...

Lisa: And that's a good thing?

Nick: Yeah, she's completely miserable, but it's highly amusing. Walking around with this purse in the shape of a fish—

Jenny: I like her purse!

Nick: It's jammed so full she can't zip it shut, and then money falls out.

Jenny: Ok, so let's talk about your travels. You do travel a lot and have film showings in other countries. How does that compare with the US with censorship or audience reactions? Do you feel like you're better recieved in other places?

Nick: No, it's the same in all countries pretty much. There are good and bad audiences anywhere. Sometimes it depends on the environment of the space itself where people see the films. They think it's supposed to be serious or something, then people seem to be inhibited. But if it's more like a casual environment, like a bar or a nightclub where people are more free, they'll laugh more or respond more spontaneously.

Jenny: Did you ever get any shit from anyone about being offensive or pornographic or incorrect or whatever? I heard you had problems getting through to Canada.

Nick: Yeah, but that's sort of ancient history. I did get a show there again finally by sending a tape up

and it didn't get confiscated. But other times it did. One time I sent the movies Federal Express and they were delivered to a judge who considered them obscene and immoral. And when I arrived in Toronto Fed Ex didn't have the movies, the judge didn't have the movies, nobody knew where the movies were.

Jenny: In the judge's private collection?

Nick: Yeah right (laughs). But they paid me \$500 just to tell jokes, which was fine. It was strange though because six months later I was contacted by telephone when I was living in the Jane West Hotel, by a representative of the Canadian government saying "We have your films and we will send them to you if you send us \$50." I was like "I don't have \$50."

Jenny: Were you ever able to get them back?

Nick: Yeah. They arrived the next day. But they were labelled "Nickrophilia". Misspelled.

Jenny: So what directions do you think you want to go with film lately?

Nick: I try to be open. I haven't paid for one movie I've made since 1988, they've all been paid for by other people.

Jenny: Great!

Nick: But then I have to wait for the other person to come around to want to collaborate. Sometimes I give them the lead role, or they want to be the lead. And then it'll be like "Ok let's do it" and then they pay for it. That's what happened with John Vomit and Reverend Jen. It always astounds me that girlfriends of mine will be saying to me, "Why haven't you put me in a movie?" And I'll be like "Why haven't you paid?"

Jenny: So do you want to talk about the DVD, let people know where they can get this stuff?

Nick: Where they can get it? I don't know, wherever they sell DVD's I guess, where do they sell DVD's? Rubric is the company that's releasing it. Their website would say, probably.

Jenny: What's their website?

Nick: Probably rubric.com

Jenny: And will the information be on your website? (www.nickzedd.com)

Nick: I doubt it, because my so-called webmaster is totally incompetent. I need to get a new website made. I'll probably mention it on my Live Journal.

Jenny: Oh yeah, what's with that—to me it's kind of fascinating and curious, the whole Live Journal phenomenon because I personally feel my journal is nobody's business.

Nick: It's exhibitionism, really.

Lisa: Just don't put up anything that's too private...

Nick: No. When I have, it did have negative repercussions. It's weird, you think some people are computer illiterate and they somehow always find out. Nothing's private on the Internet.

Jenny: Even if they are, somebody else will tell them.

Nick: Yeah right, a jealous person probably.

Lisa: So would you say you're not that private of a person? Or that you put up stuff that would seem private to other people, but to you it's just a form of exhibitionism?

Nick: It's different from the private diaries I've been writing. Lately I haven't been so much in Live Journal because I feel like I've been giving a free show to people who don't necessarily deserve it. I've also been stalked on the Internet by some psychotic creatures. But we're getting ideas for the next film from it. It's a good way to practice comedy.

Jenny: So the computer and the Internet is playing a part in what you've been doing lately. You said you first heard of Rev. Jen through her site and Jon Vomit contacted you online.

Nick: Right. I went to Europe based on being contacted on the Internet too. Somebody sent me an email and I went to Portugal. It was great.

Lisa: So how do you feel about all the digital stuff that's going on and the quality of that?

Nick: I don't care anymore whether I shoot on digital video or film. I used to be more of a purist about

it but then I thought that's just too old fashioned. Plus discovering that it's so much cheaper shooting digitally or with a high 8 camera. There are certain drawbacks though as when you discover after you edit it that trying to get it on film is just so expensive. Now there's more video projection around so if you can find a place with a video projector then it's the same.

Jenny: How do you feel about using the internet as a showcase for film?

Nick: That's just giving it away and also I don't think it looks too good that way. But it's a way to reach a lot of people I guess.

Lisa: Well, this might be kind of an old question, but how did the Cinema of Transgression come about?

Nick: Well, I noticed that these journalists in the newspapers and film magazines arbitrarily would assign themselves the job of writing history. And history is whoever gets to the typewriter first. Having been assigned the status of pariah and heretic and isolated arbitrarily, I decided to subvert their censorship of omission by creating a film movement. However I had to wait until Richard Kern, Tommy Traitor, Tesse Hughes Freeland, Lung Leg and

Casandra Stark started making films. It was the right time to announce this movement since they shared similar visions, and were also poor, like myself. We all collaborated with each other.

Jenny: Are you ever in contact with any of those people still?

Nick: Sometimes on rare occasions at a bar or something a lot of the people will show up. Or I'll see Richard Kern. I called him up a couple of weeks ago. He had an amusing story about when he got arrested for heroin.

Jenny: Was this recently.

Nick: No, it was years ago. And now he's very normal. In fact most of those people from the Cinema of Transgression I'm kind of disappointed in. They all have children and families, and they stopped making films. I seem to be the only one who's still making films.

Lisa: Ok, so I guess that's about everything we've got. Do you have anything else you want to add?

Nick: "Learn from your mistakes is my only advice. Stay cool & still let me rule."

radio-tv-stereo-kill everyone

THE CONSUMERS
All My Friends Are
Dead ...1977 authentic
Phoenix, AZ punk rock
artifact for the first
time on CD.

define
FUCKER

all my friends
are dead



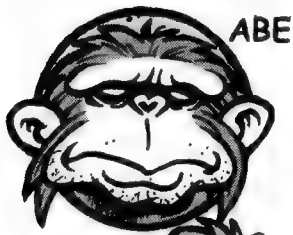
the CONSUMERS
generation of Now



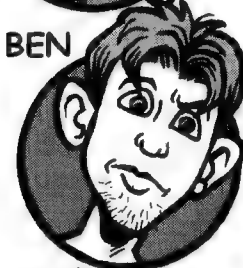
www.intheredrecords.com

THE THINKING APE BLUES by Mark Poutenis

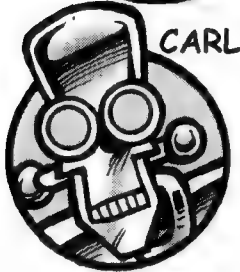
STARRING THE
PROGRESS
BROS.



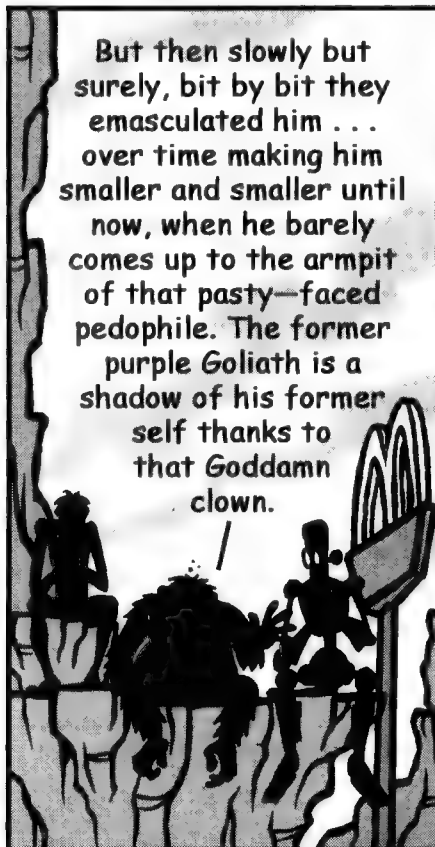
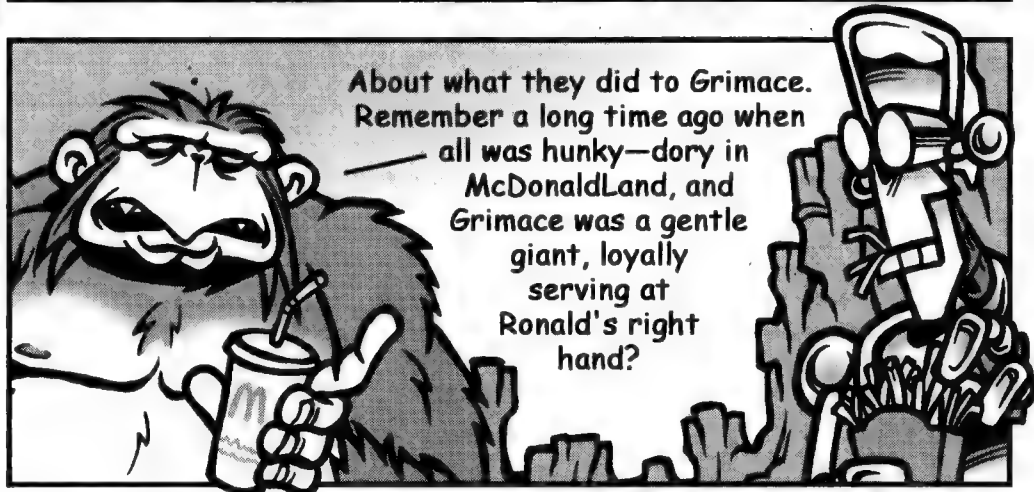
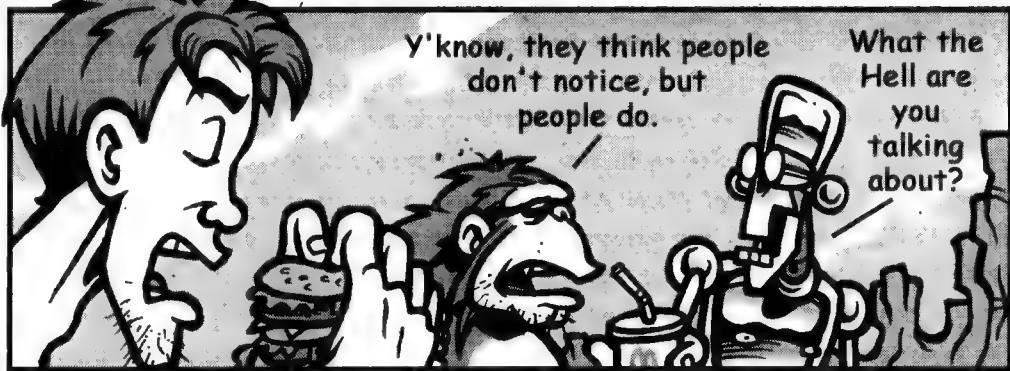
ABE



BEN



CARL



Mpoutenis@si.com

© 2001 MARK POUTENIS

—END—

DEDMAN from Down Under

Australian Stephen Dedman made his first fiction sale in 1977 with the appearance of "Report on Proposed Demolition of Sydney Opera House" in *Artlook*. Since then his reputation as a craftsman of short fiction has steadily grown, and his work has made just about every recommended reading list and awards ballot around. Dedman published his first novel, a dark fantasy titled *The Art of Arrow Cutting* in 1997 and promptly saw it nominated for the Bram Stoker Award for best first novel. A short fiction collection, *The Lady of Situations*, followed in 1999 and the science fiction novel *Foreign Bodies* hit the shelves in 2000. His next novel, *Shadows Bite*, is slated for release in late 2001.

Blaschke: *Foreign Bodies* is an ambitious science fiction novel filled with intrigue, time travel and a host of socio-political themes. What prompted you to take on such a challenging project?

Dedman: Well, *Foreign Bodies* started off as a short story and was rejected by several editors on the grounds that they didn't think it was a short story — they thought it was the first chapter of a novel. And I thought, "I don't have time to write a novel at the moment," and so I kept sending it around. Aurealis bought it and published it, and then people started asking me, "Well, what happens next?" And I realized, "Damn, it is the first chapter of a novel."

Over the next several years I wrote the rest of the novel. It took years because I had full-time jobs much of that time and I can't write a novel when I'm doing a full-time job. When I'm writing a novel I like to write every day. For about a year, every time I looked at the book to add something to it, it lost about a hundred words in editing. So it took a while. It was much less fun to write than *Art of Arrow Cutting*. But it finally did get there. The last chapter was written at about 4-5,000 words a day, because I was so glad to be at the end, I'd been looking forward to this for so long — it was a real buzz.

Blaschke: You tackle a lot of traditional SF/Fantasy archetypes in *Foreign Bodies*.

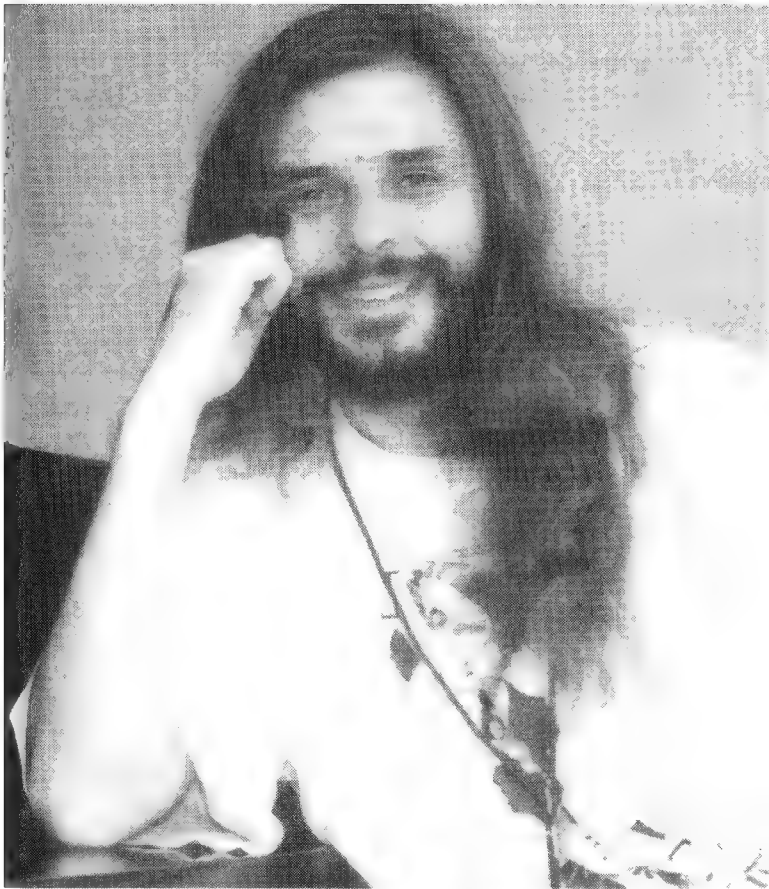
An Interview With Stephen Dedman by Jayme Lynn Blaschke

Dedman: That was not my intention in the short story, but it certainly did come into the novel. There's a lot of Heinlein influence, both good and bad Heinlein, in the novel. Both villains and the hero are big Heinlein fans — they just like different stories. It's partly an attempt to do *I Will Fear No Evil*, and do it right. When people figure out what I'm doing... I have to do a better job at this than Heinlein did. Which I like to think I did.

On the other hand, Heinlein also did the gender swap in *All You Zombies*, which is easily one of the best time travel stories ever written. Magnificent work. So, while I'm justified in slamming Heinlein and some of the Heinlein fans a little for things like *Freehold* and *I Will Fear No Evil*, I also praise Heinlein where he deserves to be praised. The narrator/ protagonist is a science fiction fan, and there are science fiction references all the way through. In fact, my editor asked me to remove a good many of them that didn't actually advance the plot at all.

Blaschke: Then this is a novel that requires a great deal of familiarity with the genre to be fully appreciated?

Dedman: Yes, it is very much a science fiction novel for science fiction readers. Apart from gay readers and critics who are also science fiction readers for the most part, mainstream critics have not



been kind to it. Science fiction critics being mixed, and gay critics being much more enthusiastic. But the politics have polarized a whole lot of people. The Kirkus review slams it, but then they obviously slam it because they hate the politics.

Blaschke: Your work often features distinctly multi-ethnic casts of characters. This is unusual in science fiction and fantasy, which are anglo-dominated genres. Was this by design?

Dedman: By design. One of the things that inspired *Art of Arrow Cutting* was a comment by Damon Knight. He said he was tired of all these space operas where the mships were crewed entirely by Americans and everything had an American hero. Where are the heroes who are Italian? I thought, okay, fine. I'll have an Italian-American hero, a New York Italian, and a California Japanese-American. Kelly came later, and Amanda was Canadian.

I did this partly because that's the sort of neighborhood I grew up in. I went to school in an Italian neighborhood. There were lots of Italians in my classes. That's one of the things I admire about America, one of the things I admire about Australia — the strong multi-cultural feel of the places. Again, it was a bit different which I think is what scared some publishers off and appealed to others, and again with readers. I'm a great believer in mul-

ticulturalism. It comes out very strongly in *Foreign Bodies* and very strongly in *Unequal Laws*.

Blaschke: What kind of influence has your Australian background had over your writings?

Dedman: It gives me a perspective on the future, and on America, which Americans don't have, which occasionally is a problem in publishing. There's a story of mine, "Lady Macbeth Blues," which was rejected by every American science fiction publisher on the grounds that they thought it was too heavy-handed a satire of America. Interzone snapped it up, and it got shortlisted for the British Science Fiction Award because they thought it was actually a pretty accurate prediction of what might happen in America in the 21st Century. Australians are more cynical about things in general, and certainly about America than Americans are. But in most ways we're a lot like Americans. It's much easier to adapt to the American way of thinking or the American style of politics than it would be for, say, a British author.

Australians are cynical but a bit more optimistic than the British, much like the Canadians. Canadians and Australians get on very well. And Texans. Australians get along well with Texans. They get on very well because they've had the same kind of problems and the same sort of culture. They're both young cultures and they're both forward-looking cultures, which is very useful for writing science fiction.

Blaschke: They all share a colonial history to varying degrees.

Dedman: With *Unequal Laws*, one of the things I'm looking at is the idea of the colony in science fiction. The Australian and American and British perspectives on this are very different. America is an ex-colony, and very proud of being an ex-colony, emphasis on the "ex." And yet they're also the major colonial power on earth nowadays. During the 80s it looked as though they were going to colonize all of Central America, and probably other parts of the world as well. They certainly seem to be ready to colonize space. If there's a national flag up there, it's going to be American. When I was at the Johnson Space Center recently, this feeling was very, very strong. You'd see it on bumper stickers on cars outside of Mission Control — "Our Future is in Space" written in blue and white with a little red probably somewhere.

Australia is not really an ex-colony. Our prime minister would like us to remain a colony if possible rather than embarrass the royal family, of who he's

a great fan. So we have a different perspective. Why, in fact, we had colonies ourselves — New Guinea was an Australian colony. All we have now is Antarctica, but the penguins don't get much of a vote. So from the degree of optimism, the degree of cynicism is not very different between Australia and America.

Blaschke: It's interesting that while you are Australian, your novels — *The Art of Arrow Cutting* and *Foreign Bodies* — are set in the United States.

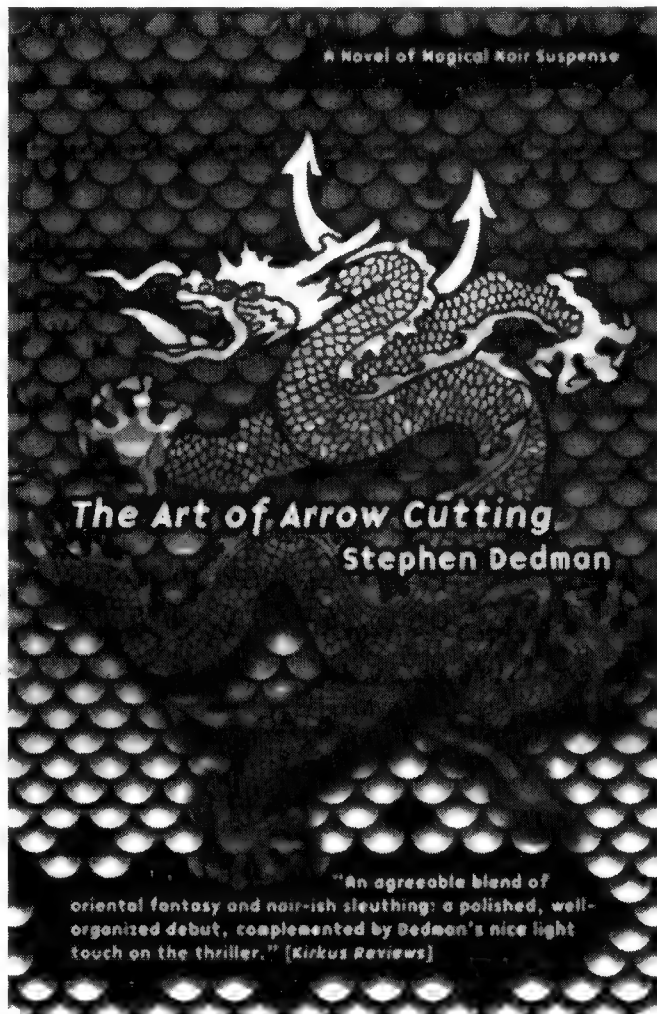
Dedman: *The Art of Arrow Cutting* is set in the contemporary United States deliberately, with malice and forethought. I've had novels rejected by American publishers because they were set in Australia. From an American publisher's point of view, setting a story in Australia is the worst of both worlds. It's not exotic enough to be a totally fantastic setting, but it's not familiar enough to Americans that it doesn't require a lot of explaining. It's nearly as bad as trying to write an epic fantasy and having characters explain things that are perfectly familiar to them for the American reader. All of the novels I've written are in first person, so I'd have to have things like, "As you know, Bob, Nedlands is six kilometers from Edmund Grove in the fiefdom of Zurich the evil baronet."

Blaschke: So moving your characters through Las Vegas and Los Angeles in *Arrow Cutting* was essentially a marketing strategy?

Dedman: That was done deliberately while I was actually on that trip across America. I went from Canada down to Los Angeles, spent some time in Las Vegas on the way. Those are settings I was not enormously familiar with, and some reviewers have picked this up, and some haven't.

One of the things about setting stories in California is my editor is not from California, he's from the East Coast. He's spent less time in

California than I have, and so I'll occasionally have to explain things in the book, because he doesn't know about them. Which is good, because it means half of Americans probably need this information as well. He keeps me honest.



Blaschke: So the only way for an Australian writer to achieve success in the U.S. is to set the story in the U.S.?

Dedman: Americans have this tendency to think that anything that happens outside of America is not very important. The classic example of this is when Neil Gaiman wrote *The Sandman*: Lucifer escapes from Hell, and goes to Perth, Western Australia. When Neil was in Perth, people asked him why did he do this? He said, "Well, I needed somewhere on the West Coast so he could watch the sun set over the ocean, which is a very, very spectacular moment, and it's warm enough to have him living on the beach. But I couldn't have it in America, because if you have it in America, American readers will think he's still part of the story."

Gaiman wanted him to disappear for several years. If Lucifer's in California, American's will expect him to continue to be a part of the story. Whereas if he's in Australia, that's it, he's gone. This is not unique to Gaiman — Dickens does it with rather better justification in the 19th Century, because if somebody goes to Australia, that's it. They have dropped off the edge of the world. Australian soap operas do it with New Zealand. If they want to get rid of a character with the option of bringing them back sometime in the far future, they send them to New Zealand.

Blaschke: Did you use the same reasoning when you set *Foreign Bodies* in the U.S.?

Dedman: With *Foreign Bodies*, it was an accident. I had set the short story in San Francisco because I knew San Francisco well enough to set a short story there. This was not a problem. When it became a

novel I had to do a lot more research and see a lot more of San Francisco. I keep emailing friends of mine who lived there and saying, "Have I got the details of this street right?" and "Is this really a bad area?" and so on. I had to do a lot more work than I would've done had I set it in Australia. But I did set it in San Francisco and let it influence the story, probably for the better. It enabled me to use Alcatraz as a setting, which was ideal for my purposes.

And it had another big influence, because San Francisco is probably my favorite city on earth. The protagonist actually feels at home there and wants to preserve San Francisco. He has the choice of saving the future or saving the city, and it's actually a difficult decision. Whereas anyone left with that decision about Los Angeles—well, fine, you can have Los Angeles!

That's one of the things I prefer about short fiction. You can set short fiction anywhere.

Blaschke: You've garnered strong critical acclaim with your short fiction. What's the appeal?

Dedman: I like short fiction a lot, because it suits a more limited attention span and the wide range of interests that I have. I can write the short story in a month and then go on to something completely different. So if I feel a lot like a horror story, I can devote a few days to a horror story. If I'm feeling more optimistic a few days later I can do some space opera or whatever.

When you commit yourself to a novel it's like committing yourself to a relationship. You're stuck with this one for a year or whatever—five years in the case of *Foreign Bodies*. It's much more work. It's sort of consoling in the morning to get up and know what it is you're going to be working on that day.

I like short fiction because I have an eclectic range of interests and it enables me to have an eclectic range of writing. I'm a firm believer that a story should be as long as it should be. "Never Seen By

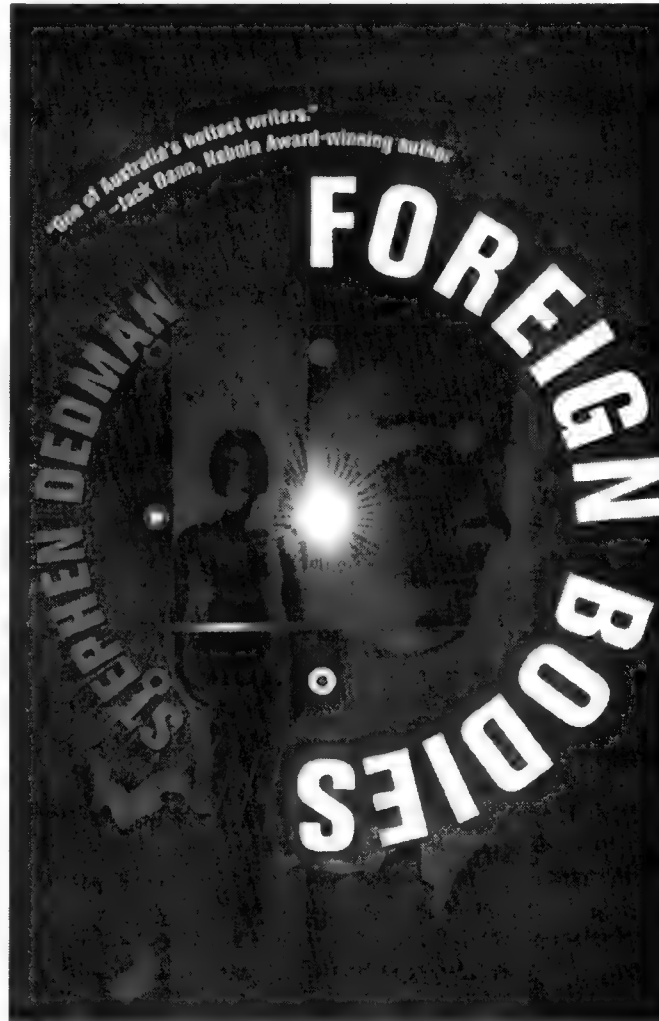
Waking Eyes," for example: 10,000 words is about the ideal length for that story. I could not turn that into a novel without damaging it badly. There are other, longish short stories of mine which became the basis of novels. *Unequal Laws*, which I'm working on at the moment, is based on two novelettes from *Science Fiction Age*. It begins, "What happens next?" not "Okay, I'll puff this story out to 80,000 words." If I want to write on the relationship between gangsters and horses in 1920s Chicago, that's good for about 12,000 words, which is what I think I wrote on that. But if you try and turn that into a novel, it's ridiculous. Unfortunately, there's almost no market for anything between 20,000 words and 80,000 words, and even the 7,000 to 20,000 market is much more limited than the short story market.

I think you get much more freedom writing short stories. If I could make a living just writing short stories I probably would. I had fun with *The Art of Arrow Cutting* and I had fun with the sequel, so I'd still write the occasional novel, but my great love is short stories.

Blaschke: Your next novel, *Shadows Bite*, brings back some of the characters from *The Art of Arrow Cutting*. Is it a sequel, or a novel that just happens to be set in the same reality?

Dedman: It's a true sequel. If it wasn't for Mage and Takumo and Kelly, *Shadows Bite* probably would've been a short story using the more obscure Eastern European and Asian vampire myths. But people really wanted to know what happened to Mage, and especially Takumo and Kelly. Even Amanda, who's dead! They kept asking if I was going to bring her back.

So I thought, okay, I do want to show what Mage is learning and take advantage of the hints that I dropped at the end of *Arrow Cutting* about Takumo. The scenes where it was just Takumo and Mage, or Takumo and Kelly, basically wrote themselves. I know those characters so well that dialogue just flows straight out of my head. There will almost cer-



tainly be a third Mage, Takumo and Kelly book. I've written the prologue and the epilogue already. I just need a villain. I need a mythology to take monsters from for the third book. I'll probably use another couple Japanese monsters in the third book. I didn't in the second because I wanted to do something different. I used some very, very strange vampire-type creatures from Malaysia and so on, and I got to have a lot of fun with it.

Blaschke: You used Asian mythology in extensively in *The Art of Arrow Cutting*, which gave the book a distinct flavor. What attracted you to those myths and legends in particular?

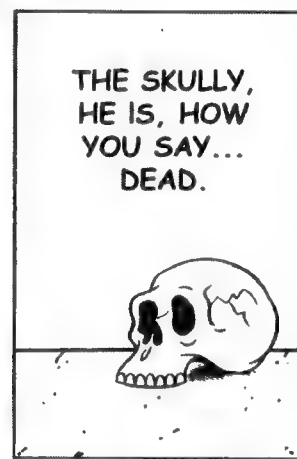
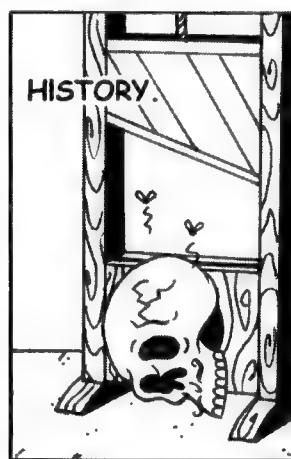
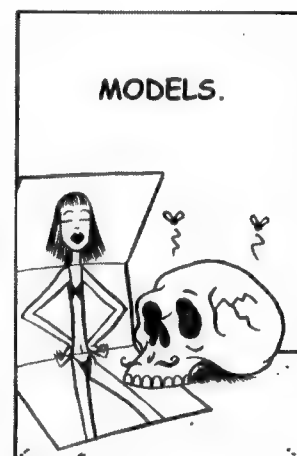
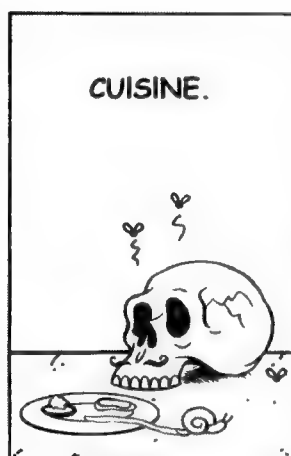
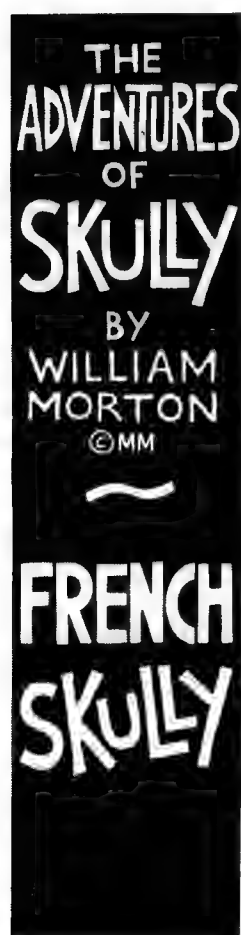
Dedman: My interest in Asian mythology for *Art of Arrow Cutting* was serendipity. At the same time I was touring around America my first time, I was working for Fantasy Games Unlimited who did a quite good role-playing game of medieval Japan called *Bushido*. The monsters in that, which were taken from Japanese mythology, were monsters that would fit very, very well into an urban setting for the most part. Usually they look human, or human enough that people would just not see them. People

who live in cities are very good at not noticing small discrepancies in people's appearances. So touring around at this time I thought, "Okay, if you had creatures like this, you could do an epic fantasy in modern America. And you wouldn't need the maps. And you wouldn't need to explain where everything was."

I went and did more research into Japanese mythology, going back to some of the source material. *Art of Arrow Cutting* and stories like "A Single Shadow" came out of that. "A Single Shadow" came out because I had a type of ghost that was too good not to use, but I couldn't fit into *Art of Arrow Cutting*. So she got her own story.

I've been interested in Japanese culture since I was a five-year-old kid watching samurai in badly-dubbed Japanese TV shows in Australia. So I've returned to my roots, right back to samurai and giant dinosaurs, which were big interests when I was five years old. It's a great job if you've never grown up.

END



www.mortco.azit.com #84

The Lost
by Jack Ketchum
Leisure Horror (2001)



One person can make a difference. That's been the message since 9/11, and it's true.

In *The Lost*, Jack Ketchum shows how one sociopath can gut a small town, at times literally. Written in precise, fine prose that echoes the best from Hemingway, Pete Dexter, and even Dean Koontz, the novel begins in 1965 with a pair of thrill kills performed by one seriously hedonistic high-school dropout named Ray. Tim and Jennifer, slightly younger, witness it, and so are locked in Ray's thrall. He plays them like cheap accordions from then on.

In 1969, as news of the Manson family's excesses reach the small upstate New York town where Ray roams supreme, things begin to unravel as an old cop who never managed to pin the thrill kills on Ray applies pressure here and there.

Throughout the book, concise portraits of complex, worried, suffering people demonstrate both Ketchum's compassion and his stoic, at times icy, bluntness. The imagery is unflinching, the sensory details vivid, and the prose seamless. This is one of the best-written novels I've read in a long time, and the fact that it's in thriller form doesn't enter into that assessment. This is fine writing, and an intelligent, mature mind producing it.

We see the train crash coming as Ray unravels and his tight control over his tight little world loosens up. We see the smashed glass, twisted metal, and bloody pulps, but bracing a foot or hand against the seat in front won't help. When the collision comes, everyone flies.

That Jack Ketchum is a pseudonym does not diminish the writer's seriousness one bit. This is serious, sober work done cognizantly by a writer at the peak of his form and feeling the depths of his powers. If you want a thriller that will indeed thrill, even as it offers human beings struggling to cope with basic life, even as it offers glimpses of both decent people and utter wastes of space and time, then *The Lost* is hard to beat.

And the ending is just right, a balance struck between grand guignol excess and a maintenance of the astringent, but never diffident, tone that has carried the reader through this excellent novel. Go get caught up in Jack Ketchum's work.

Once he catches your attention, you won't even want to escape.

Gene Stewart

Voluptuous Panic:
The Erotic World of Weimar Berlin
by Mel Gordon
Feral House (2001)

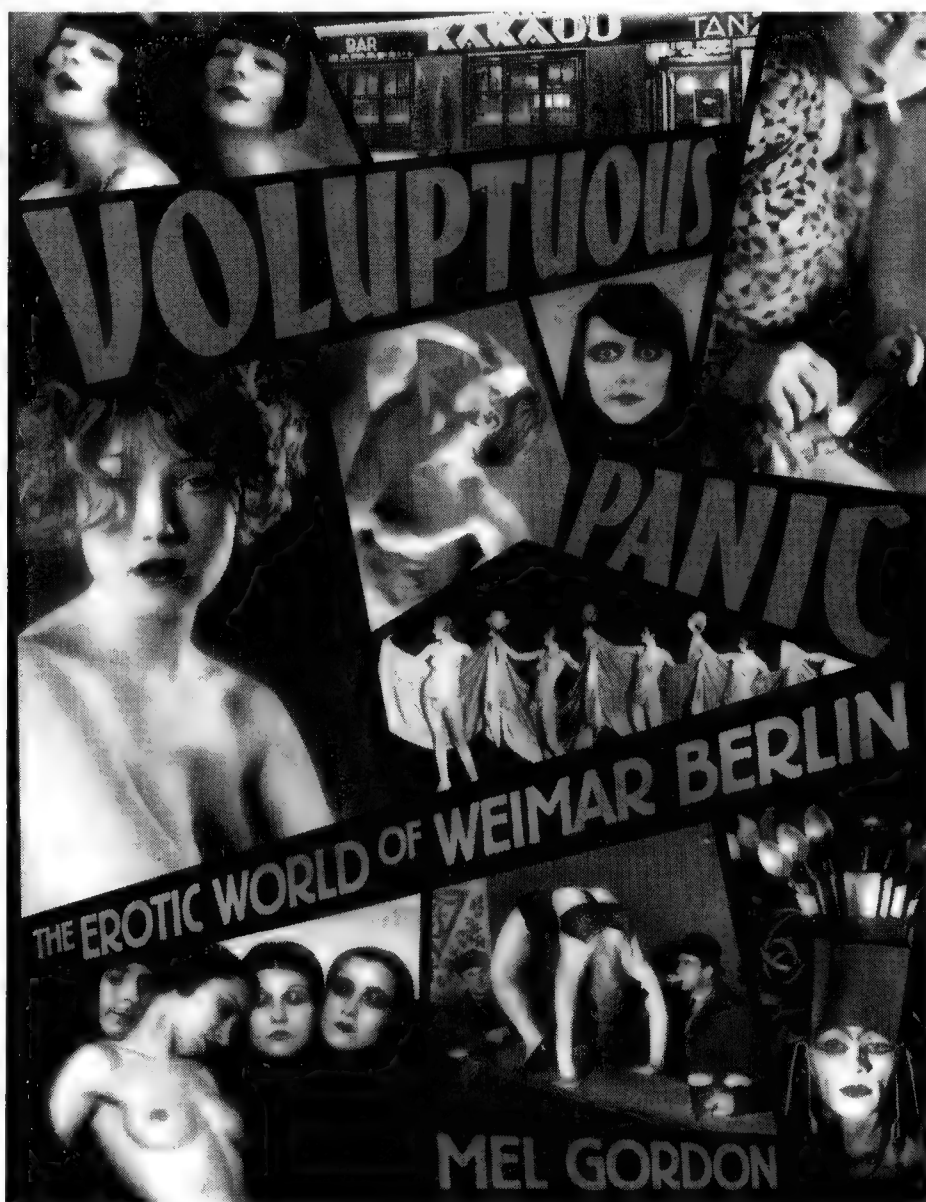
Prostitution. Nazi nudists. Decadent sex. Avant garde performance art. Transvestism. Lustmord. Underground nightclubs. Erotic cabaret. Wild boys erotic art. Hard drugs. Homosexual playgrounds. If your perverted mind leads you to collect books on any of these delinquent subcultures, then *Voluptuous Panic* is the coffee table book par excellence for your sitting room. All those twilight pursuits came together in one place, in one historical moment: Weimar Berlin, from the nineteen teens into the Third Reich before Hitler cleaned the place up. Adolf turned a lesbo-nightclub into Nazi Party headquarters, even! You can get a frisson of such a world from the current touring show of the musical *Cabaret*, which was loosely based on Christopher Isherwood's slightly fictionalized memoirs of his wild time in Weimar Berlin, or you can groan through Otto Friedrich's *Before the Deluge*, scraping for the good parts like a thirteen-year-old reading his mama's *Cosmo*. Such were the days before Gordon's tome. Every page of *Voluptuous Panic* offers some new naughtiness: all copiously illustrated. You don't even have to know how to read to get more than your money's worth.

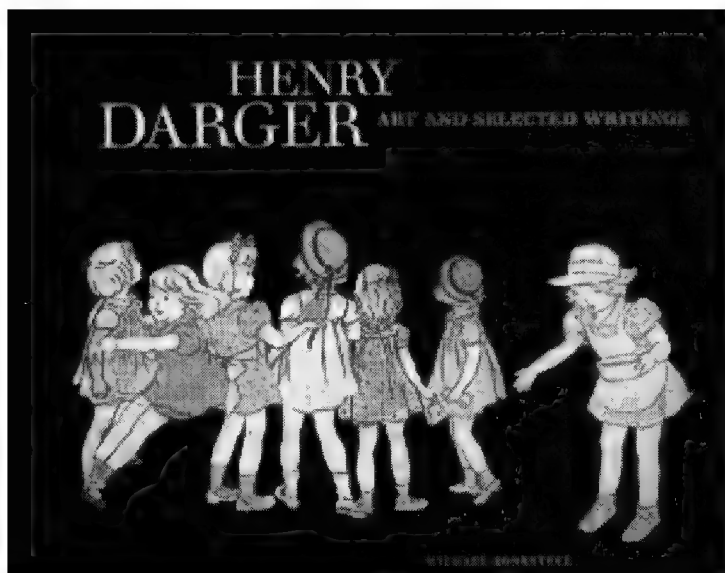
From rare surviving samples from Magnus Hirschfeld's Institute of Sexology (including photos of Bauer's Shoe-and-Wheel Masturbation Machine; this stuff is as demented as anything the Vienna Aktionists invented) to photos of lesbian cabaret prostitutes, transvestites, lustmord casualties, sadist fantasies, opulent nightclubs... Need I go on? There's more, more, more. The text provides a clear, intriguing overview of each segment of this vast sexual underworld, complete with sidebars cataloguing the various types of whores, rent boys, straight, gay and lesbo nightclubs, and select underworld jargon. Naturally, I can complain that Gordon could have offered twice the amount of narrative—this book is like a time machine that cuts off before you want to come home!

So it is with the great books. Indeed, not since Patrick Waldberg's illustrated history of late 19th century France, *Eros in La Belle Epoque* (an oldie but goodie from the old Grove Press), have I seen historical pervdom so delightfully and thoroughly rendered. One might be tempted to compare the depths of perversity cross culturally, but far better to vive la difference, as they say where the porn had a softer edge.

Nonetheless, two facts are obvious: *Voluptuous Panic* has a sadder ending (though Gordon makes a clear case that the ordure of Nazi order was not caused by the Weimar Republic's slack morals), and a much cooler title.

Jeff Bagato





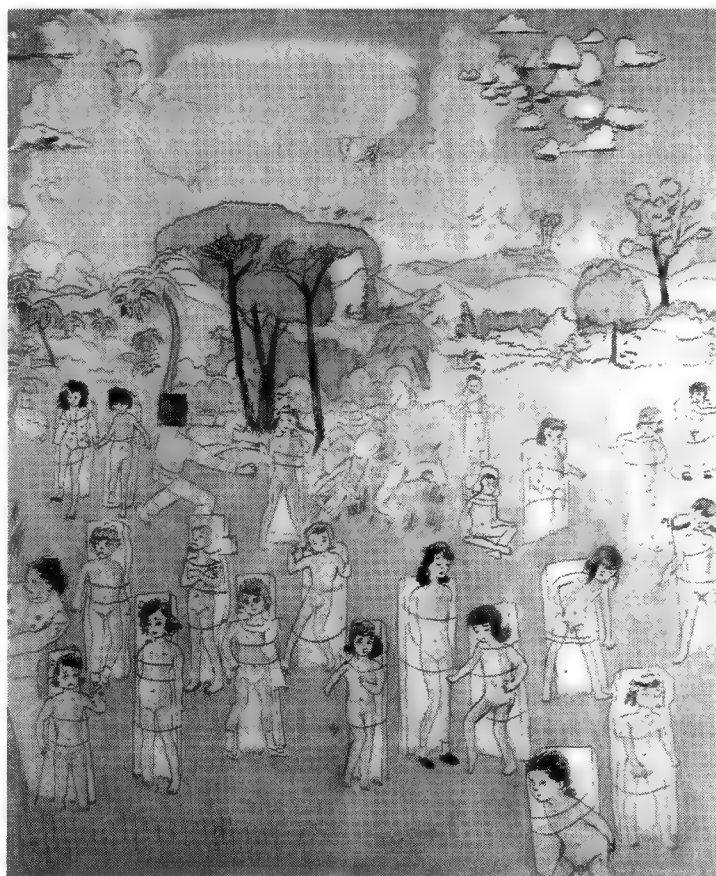
Henry Darger:
Art and Selected Writings
 edited by Michael Bonesteel
 Rizzoli (2000)

Henry Darger's been a star in outsider art for the past decade—and rightfully so. You may not recognize the name, but his work is unforgettable: beautiful watercolor panoramas illustrating his story of the war between seven-year-old girls and brutal military thugs. Darger managed to foreshadow pop art and underground comix with images composed by tracing figures from coloring books. And his images are both powerful and beautiful—sparkling with jeweled colors and filled with sexually charged imagery like giant storm clouds, young girls with tiny penises running naked through fields of flowers, and, most shockingly—old men choking, stabbing and eviscerating those sweet young things. Darger's personal story is as remarkable as the world he invented. Orphaned as a small child, he spent his formative years in institutions before escaping to Chicago, where he spent 40 years living in the same tiny apartment, earning his living as a janitor.

Presumably Darger retreated from this claustrophobic and impoverished environment into his 15,000 plus page narrative story about seven Vivian girls, basically Joan of Arc types who lead a children's crusade against an oppressive nation of child slave owners. His pictures illustrate this tale, quickly surpassing it and eventually overtaking it. This is not the first monograph of Darger's work and history—the first had a text only in French, although written by an American critic named John MacGregor—but Bonesteel's book will probably be the

one to beat. First of all, this one has a massive selection of the art, including a couple fold out pages. Second, it prints a generous selection of Darger's narrative. Third, because Bonesteel's intro is not just informative and readable but because he sticks to the facts rather than drifting off into bullshit art criticism; in fact, Bonesteel instantly became my hero when he took MacGregor to task for proposing that Darger was a latent psychopathic pederast based on a Freudian reading of the paintings. Fourth, Bonesteel leaves his own ego out of the book; usually art monographs, especially those on outsider art, are really pathetic attempts by critics to link their imagined genius to a real one, but Bonesteel steps back and gives us Darger's pictures and words without critical mediation. To improve on this formula would be difficult. One might ask for a complete text of Darger's novel, but the reading I've managed to do tells me that it's best experienced in these selected snippets, because it's somewhat repetitive and belabored. What I would ask for instead would be a catalog raisonne of Darger's complete illustrations. But thumbnail pix wouldn't do me much good. In any case, this is easily the outsider art book of this or any season.

Jeff Bagato



Maldoror & The Complete Works

of the Comte de Lautreamont

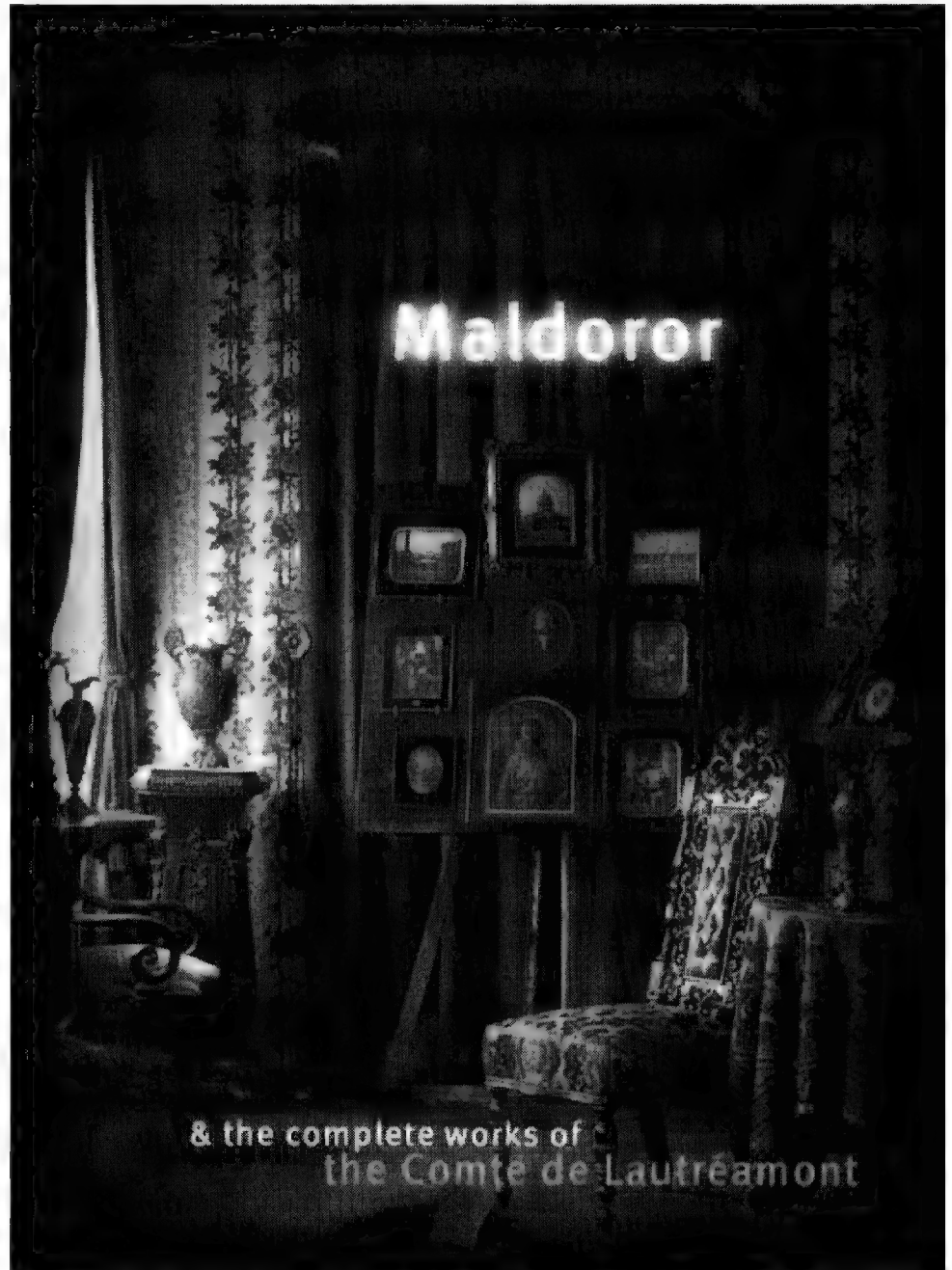
(1998) Exact Change

In 1869, Isidore Ducasse published *Les Chants de Maldoror* under the name of the Count of Lautreamont. A year later he was dead. Whether by accident or design, Lautreamont lived on, gaining in importance and celebrity, and to some he did so at Ducasse's expense. No one understood this better than Antonin Artaud, who wrote: "For there has never been quite enough attention, and, I insist, remorse, expended on the death, so trite and yet so evasive of this unthinkable Count of Lautreamont ("Letter on Lautreamont"). What Artaud understood, and what irritated him so much, was the extent to which the circumstances of Ducasse's unfortunate end, in a second-class hotel in Paris, when he was only 24, from unknown causes, had the irreversible effect of making him seem less vital and substantial than the ghostly Lautreamont. And yet all the solemn platitudes surrounding Lautreamont's burial, as Artaud insists, "just [do] not agree with the life of Isidore Ducasse."

Truer words have rarely been spoken about Isidore Ducasse. He is an individual who has been curiously obfuscated and silenced by his own legend whereas his literary persona, the Count of Lautreamont, has been elevated to a status that virtually eclipses his creator. Artaud is equally justified when he says that it's really the Count of Lautreamont, with all his aristocratic pretence and snob appeal, rather than "poor no-'count Isidore Ducasse," that makes readers feel less queasy about singing his praises; because, let's face it once and for all, the book that Ducasse wrote is not just off-colored or erotic or pornographic: it's repugnant. Whoever reads *Maldoror* and does not find it absolutely objectionable, not only with respect to any imaginable standard of art and ethics, but repugnant to one's very senses is at best an opportunist and, at worst, a

hypocrite. Because the truth is, in the words of Artaud, that "in the *Chants de Maldoror*, everything is hideous."

The real hideousness of Maldoror is best appreciated in French but for those who don't speak the language the book can also be found in English. The translation that most recently caught my eye was done by Alexis Lykiard and published in a revised edition by Exact Change in 1998. I admit that I bought the book primarily because of the Gothic cover art without holding out much hope for the quality of the translation itself. There's just too much about *Maldoror* that's untranslatable, especially for a translator as academic and timid as Lykiard.



Any translator who opts out of translating the full title because the closest word to "chant" in English is "lay," as in a short narrative song, might want to consider if he has the cajones to get the job done. Squeamishness about the word "lay" does not bode well for a translator whose going to have that and a whole lot more to contend with, beginning with the general atmosphere of violence, criminality and all-around outrageousness that is the life-blood of Maldoror.

But by far the most formidable challenge for any translator, or for any reader, is Ducasse's idiosyncratic way of mixing everything together in a noxious brew of sordid images. Many attribute Ducasse's metamorphoses to his interest in the black magic. Despite all that has ever been written about Lautreamont the Sorcerer, I don't think there's any real evidence that Ducasse was anything more than an armchair satanist. He does go off a lot on the subject of God but it's basically all posturing. Ducasse's real obsession has to do with an almost clinical fascination with the body. Everything must be reduced to the body, for the obvious reason that, as Ducasse conceived it, the problems of life, with all its suffering, begin with having a body. In Maldoror, a body is a freakish, volatile and explosive thing, which is why bodies are always penetrating and colliding with each other, resulting in those wildly proliferating series of exchanges and transformations that the Surrealists found so entertaining. But even more dramatically, and this is where Maldoror's irrepressible impulse to claw away at the skin of his victims comes from, there's Ducasse's fixation with the idea that hidden from sight, deep in the caverns of the body, there is nothing but infestations, seething mixtures, abominations, and the many other excremental horrors that make up his unforgettable theatre of cruelty.

What role does Lautreamont assume in all of this madness? It may have been that Ducasse needed Lautreamont to give him a semblance of what it might mean to live on the surface; most likely, he thought this veneer of artifice would make his writing seem less depraved. More than a hundred years have passed since his death but all the time in the world won't change that fact that it's much more pleasant to play literary parlor games with the illustrious Count of Lautreamont instead of the other option, which is simply to follow Ducasse into the depths.

Kathryn A. Kopple

Hellhounds On Their Trail

Tales From The Rock N Roll Graveyard

By R. Gary Patterson

Dowling Press (1998)

R. Gary Patterson attempts to link the attraction of superstitious blues icons and bad boy rock stars to the dark forces of Satan, numerology, and the occult. The result is a desultory, dryly written litany of celebrity eccentricity.

Author Patterson lays the groundwork promisingly with a retelling of the legend surrounding Robert Johnson and the mythic selling of his soul at the crossroads. His command of blues lore is impressive, bringing forth many details not generally known about Johnson and his myth.

However, not much time is spent on further examinations of blues, voodoo and hoodoo legends, where struggles with Satan are common fodder for song material. Instead, Patterson gets into trials and tribulations of the classic 60s blues rock and hard rock crowd as quickly as possible.

Were satanic rituals responsible for the mammoth success and eventual tragedies that befell members of Led Zeppelin? Was a satanic backlash responsible for the mortal violence that took place at the Stones' concert at Altamont? Did Jim Morrison join a witch's coven by drinking human blood, thus allowing insanity to 'break on through from the other side?' Are satanic messages being deliberately buried in recordings?

Patterson doesn't offer much in the way of answers or journalistic vigor of any kind. He merely culls occurrences from other published accounts, linking them together through unsubstantiated rumors, reluctant analysis, and lifestyle-induced misfortune. A clear distinction between a true Aleister Crowley wannabe and a posturing rock star is never offered, and the author consistently fails to offer compelling proof on the more controversial events. *Hellhounds On Their Trail* is most valuable when describing how the practice of back-masking a recording is accomplished, or how numerology supposedly works. There is also a very amusing section on how to cue Pink Floyd's *The Wall* with the action in the film *The Wizard of Oz*. Also, those wishing a regurgitation of nearly every rock music occult story of the last 40 years in one handy dandy paperback, need look no further.

Although delicious, sensationalistic chills of terror are expected from Patterson's hoary treatise, all he really has to offer are retrofitted tales of wealthy rock stars with some rather distasteful hobbies. The result is a book that will continue to fuel the enemies of rock music while providing no discernable insight.

Ken Burke

Foundation

by Isaac Asimov
(Bantam)

What prompted me to revisit this classic of science fiction was a blurb in the SFWA newsletter in which Joe Haldeman and others mentioned that Asimov's classic had not only provided Al Qaeda its name — it means The Base, or Foundation — but also inspired much of what's happening in this post 9/11 world. Apparently, in searching out Al Qaeda's roots, scholars found that Asimov's Foundation series was hugely popular and influential.

Asimov's Foundation trilogy won a special Hugo award in the 1960s as Best All-Time Series, beating out the likes of E. E. Doc Smith, E. R. Burroughs, and even J.R.R. Tolkien.

Reading it these days is unsettling on many levels. It's about, after all, manipulating history by applying pressure at certain pivotal points.

This first novel appeared in 1951 and is actually a collection of novellas, the first dating to 1942, each moving the vast storyline along by decades or more. In typical Asimov fashion, virtually no action takes place on stage. Instead we're treated to a series of fascinating Socratic dialogues. The effect is to make this writing timeless; it hasn't aged particularly. Oh, the characters smoke a good deal, but that's a cultural quirk having no bearing on things.

What Asimov does brilliantly is systematically strip away appearances so that we can see the true forces behind history. By postulating an overarching science of Psychohistory, founded by Hari Seldon, whose image and thought influence this galactic empire throughout its entire existence, Asimov offers a kind of game-theory approach in which certain pivotal moments of development, each a crisis, force things to go one way and one way only. In this way is a vast, complex system guided, or directed.

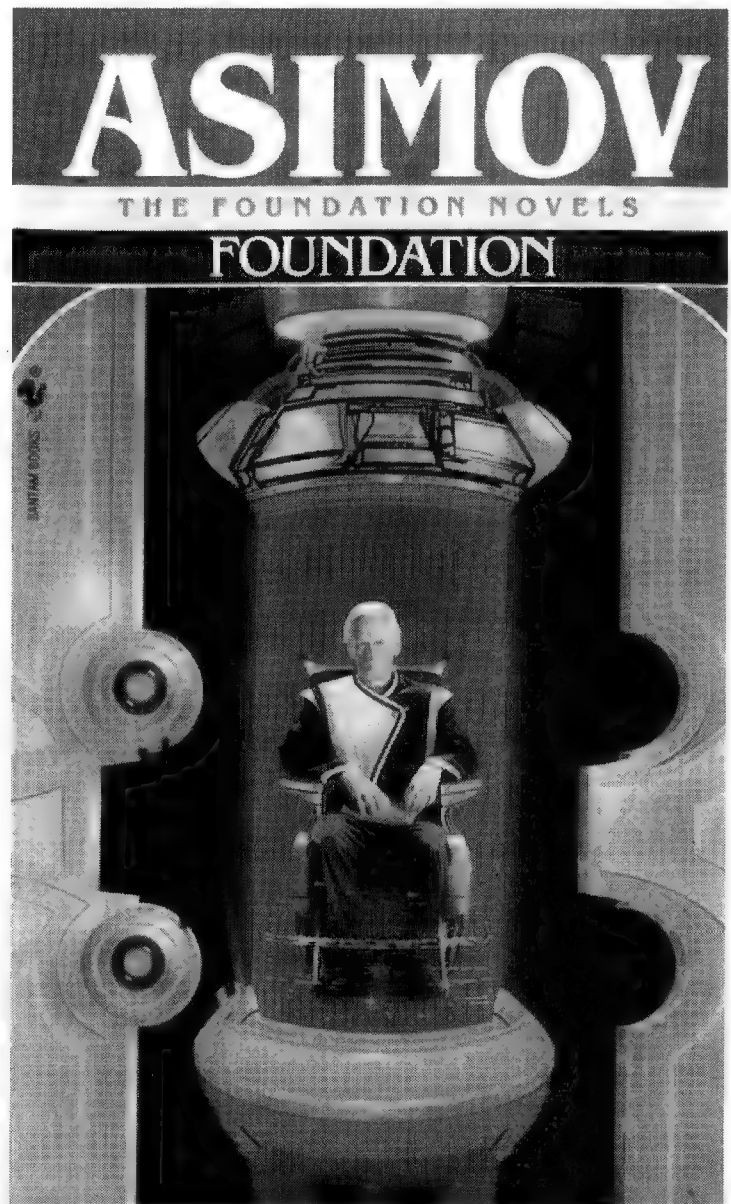
It's fractals, it's fuzzy-logic, it's complexity theory before such things were worked out by Mandelbrot, Kosko, and the Sante Fe institute and so on. And the chilling parts are when we recognize in the fiction various elements from our current dilemma, from a Homeland Defense he called a Commission of Public Safety to religion seen as a control mechanism to keep scientific truths mystifying and thus beyond the reach of the uninitiated.

Reading Foundation is like seeing an X-ray of how history works. Asimov wrote the first stories, he was using both Edward Gibbon's *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and *The Story of Civilization* by Will and Ariel Durant as references and models. His

goal was to portray how an empire might span an entire galaxy and how manipulating a single culture on such a scale might be possible. He succeeded admirably, and left us with an overview of how the forces of history can be analyzed, nudged, and used, especially by the ruthless among us.

When 9/11 happened, some of the hidden truths Asimov sought to let us in on came home to roost. To continue stumbling through history in ignorance is a choice we can't afford to make, and a more enjoyable way of sloughing off the ignorance I cannot think of than reading Asimov's Foundation series. Or rereading it.

Gene Stewart



Happyland

ed. Selwyn Harris
(2001-2002)

I believe it was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe who once wrote, "Viewed from the summit of reason, all life looks like a malignant disease and the world like a madhouse." Now for girly and upwardly mobile types this is indeed a problem; still for a few, these hardy few, these disparate bands of ballsy brothers and sisters, it is all grist for the mill . . . The comic mill that is.

And there are few things more comic than Selwyn Harris' badly photocopied, mercurially-stapled zine, Happyland. Why is this so? Because Selwyn and his merry-band of disgruntled madmen and women understand that the basis of humor is anger. Anger born of the understanding that reality ain't perfect and that ireality don't even begin to approach fair. That life is one big bad neverending joke with death as the punchline.

So to make jokes, to be funny, you don't really have to work too hard. All you have to do is write down what you see. Life, reality, what-have-you, will do the rest. Especially if you have a way with words. Words are important. That's why Happyland's take on riding on the New York subway is hysterical and John Rocker's is creepy. There's a fine line between generalizing and stereotyping and Selwyn Harris and friends know how to walk it. Yeeee-haaa! Bjork Bjblows. Rough-trade sex-gore director, Andy Milligan, most decidedly, although he did, does not.

Yes, pornography can be funny. Feminists and the politically correct may not think so but tell us if you fail to see a laugh in a man who faithfully attended every stroke film in the New York area just so he could chronicle the fisting scenes. You think gay porn directors crossing over into B-movies isn't an amusing idea for an article? Of course it is. You're asking a homosexual to try to see through the eyes of a horny adolescent heterosexual. That's very funny. As in ha-ha funny. As are the otherwise hidden links between Steven Seagal and The Ramones. As are the reasons you should hate celebrities. And, possibly, Led Zeppelin.

"Not funny, not cool," the masthead says; yet, Happyland, by daring to be lame, to be incorrect on almost every level, manages to be hip and amusing and correct on all levels.

Dom Salemi



Elvis Day By Day

The Definitive Record of His Life and Music
By Peter Guralnick and Ernst Jorgensen
Ballantine (1999)

A compelling supplement to both Guralnick's two-part biography (Last Train To Memphis, Careless Love) and Jorgensen's remarkable session study (Elvis' Life & Times In Music), this smartly researched tome attempts the final word on the Presley phenomenon.

This is the third book to apply a chronological approach to Presley's life story. However, free and easy access to the extensive archives kept by Presley's late father Vernon and manager Col. Tom Parker give this project a clear edge on the scores of accuracy and previously unseen material.

Fans will delight in such archeological finds as the postcard Vernon Presley wrote his wife from prison, photos of Elvis as a blonde toddler, school report cards, and a program from the high school production which first got him noticed by fellow students. From his employment applications,

first tax return, draft card, telegrams, through contracts and receipts from various spending sprees, to chart listings, record sales, and film box office figures, this is a treasure trove of information great and small.

This otherwise extensive compendium does not list the women Presley bedded or repeatedly detail his abuse of prescription drugs. Instead, the authors have fashioned a steady, colorful narrative emphasizing the momentum of Presley's career. His rise to god-hood, fall from cool-dom, resurrection, and sad decline is analyzed in quick exhilarating gulps as it happened on noteworthy dates.

The specter of Col. Parker looms large on nearly every page. The accepted view of Presley's hyperbolic manager has been that of a carny-huckster that never really believed in the singer or rock'n'roll and was out to gouge his fans for all he could get. Early documentation almost contradicts this view and very nearly places the Danish-born manager in a heroic light. Indeed, many performers would've loved having the tenacious Parker vigorously protecting their rights against movie studios, publishers, and recording companies as chronicled here.

Yet, as Day By Day deftly illustrates, once Parker saw how much more he could make by putting the singer in bad movies (as opposed to not-so-bad ones), the die was seemingly cast. Subsequently, in the years before Presley's death, the cynical gambling addict managed to slip deals past his drug-addled client that snagged the majority of his income.

Even in calendar entries and sidenotes Elvis Presley's story plays out like the filp-side of Citizen Kane, a tragedy with giddy highs and gut wrenching lows. By simply stating and verifying facts, authors Guralnick and Jorgensen have fashioned a coffee table book with the dramatic wallop of a major novel.

Ken Burke

The Voice of the Night

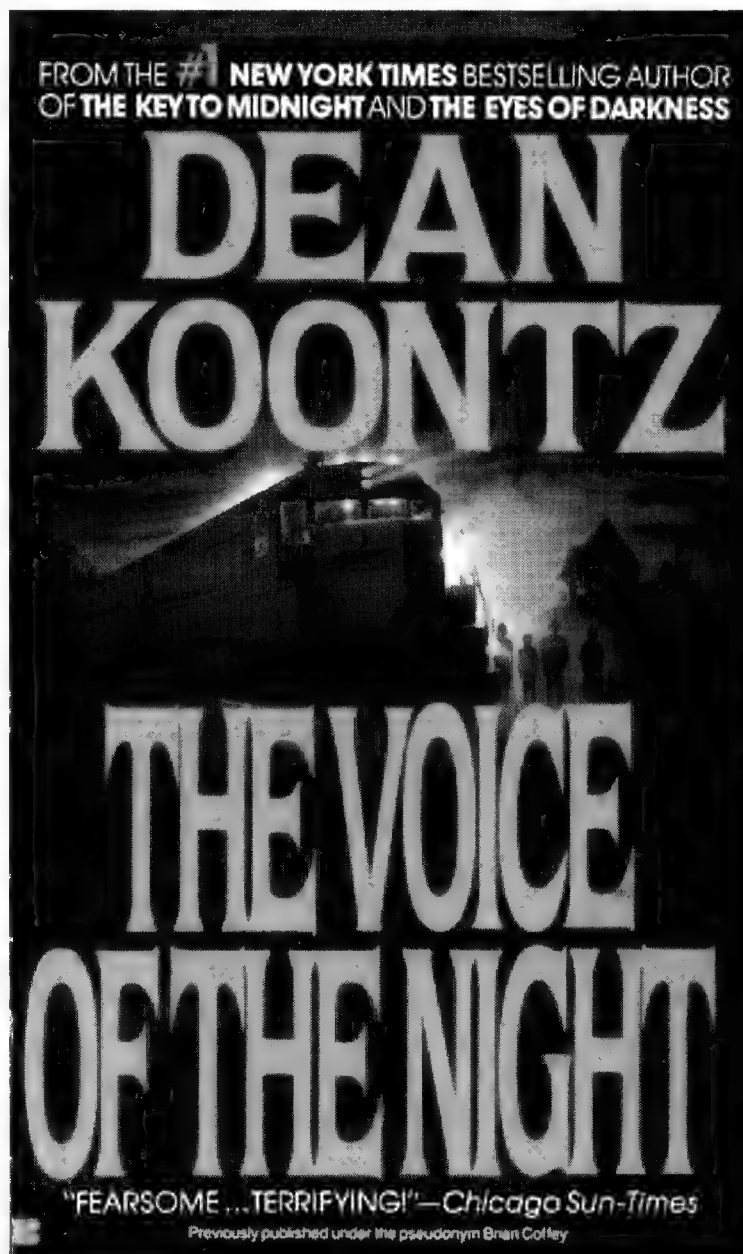
by Dean R. Koontz

Berkeley (1991)

This book parallels Jack Ketchum's more recent, and excellent, novel *The Lost*. Comparing and contrasting these novels, which share basic material, approach and theme, reveals more about the writers, and their readers, than it reveals about the books.

Both feature a sociopath ruining others' lives. Both are set in small towns, one east coast, the

other left coast. In one the psycho is Ray, in the other it's Roy. In both, the psycho is drawn well. In neither do the moral ambiguities escape notice or mention. Ketchum is more wide-ranging, showing others in the town, and how the town



functions.

Koontz focuses more on a single relationship between the sociopath and a socially awkward kid with more brains than friends. His book is streamlined. Twin, rather than multiple, viewpoints duel in a single, not a dual, narrative line. It's alcohol rail drag racing to Ketchum's stock car endurance race.

As a Brian Coffey novel, it garnered good notices and sold well, but when rereleased under

Koontz's own more famous name it reached the best-seller's audience it deserves. Note the R. Dean Koontz dropped once he began writing differently, so this book belongs to his earlier phase.

Leopold and Loeb inevitably come to mind, but in *The Voice of the Night* the manipulated subordinate partner in crime remains stubbornly innocent and eventually redeems himself. This means Koontz wrote a more black-and-white book, while Ketchum preferred moral gray areas and ambiguity of development. This helps explain the relative sales figures.

There are trains in this book, and they move. And crash. And almost crash. And escape from crashing. That kind of heavy momentum informs the book. It can be read in one or two sittings. Koontz is expert at drawing the reader through a book, stoking the suspense and tampering with the brakes when sharp curves start things swaying.

There is a voyeur's delight in seeing what Roy, the sociopath, will do or suggest next. Every few pages, it seems, one's belly drops out as we

race over yet another speed bump of the unthinkable, the appalling, or the subtly evil.

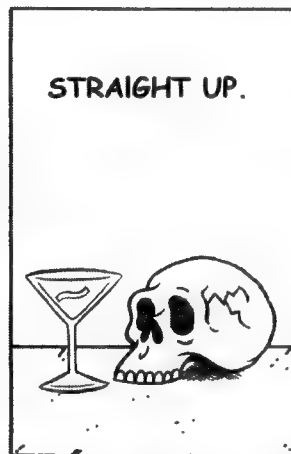
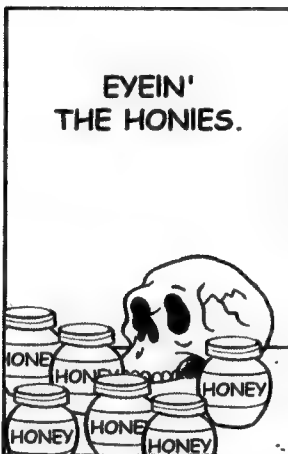
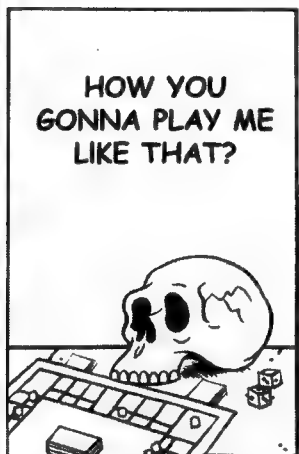
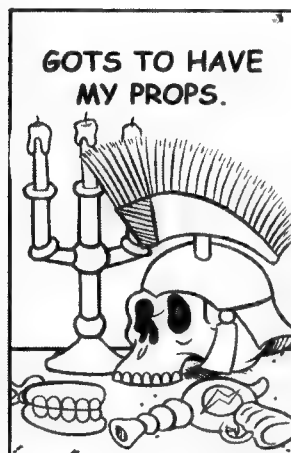
Perhaps it's therapeutic in some hard ass way for today's walking dead to read about sociopaths brought down by either inertial collective social forces or by ordinary folks forced to choose moral and ethical action in the face of apathy or malice. Perhaps it's good to keep such genies in the bottle of fiction, where we can cope with them or just marvel at them from a safe hidey-hole. Perhaps all the bullshit in the world won't save us, who knows?

Thing is, for a good reading experience, a thoughtful story well-told, and at the least a few hours of being blissfully unaware of anthrax, fundamentalism, nationalism, jingoism, and the looming shadows of fascism, weaponized smallpox, and nuclear tradeoffs, hey, *The Voice of the Night* is unbeatable.

Hell, it even shows us how it's better to fear what's real, so we can do something about it.

Gene Stewart

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
SKULLY
BY
WILLIAM
MORTON
©MM
~
SKULLY'S
HIP-
HOP
SLANG



www.mortco.azit.com #82

The lights came out of nowhere like three physical lances. Two were the headlights of the car, while the third was a fender-mounted spotlight as bright as the others combined. Though their abrupt appearance was silent, the energy playing on Paul's closed eyelids was enough to penetrate the heavy blanket of sleep and drag him back into awareness. And this, naturally, incited a severe round of coughing.

"Paul Richard Toland?" asked a stern voice from the darkness behind the lights, though it was hardly a question.

"What?" Paul mumbled, hacking up something thick from his lungs. "Get those goddamned lights out of my eyes! Who are you?" They were cops of some kind, of course: nobody else acted with such regal contempt.

"We're going to ask you to accompany us, Mr. Toland," the voice went on. "Please rise and come to the car."

"Please go to hell," Paul responded while attempting to shield his eyes from the glare. There was a defiance in the words that he didn't really feel. He was in trouble, that was clear enough even if he didn't have a clue as to why, and he could expect precious little help from his fellow bridge residents, all of whom were busy getting their own tails well away from the evolving situation.

"I asked you who you are."

Two dark figures emerged from the light and moved toward him. These folks weren't playing games. One of them flipped open a wallet badge as he squatted to approach Paul's squeezed down retreat.

"Federal agents, Mr. Toland," he said.

"You can come with us voluntarily, or we can drag your filthy ass into the car. It's your choice, but we will be away from here within the minute."

"Damn," Paul sighed.

He tried to bring along his bag of possessions, knowing full well that none of them would be here when (if) he ever returned, but the men would have none of that. They practically tossed him into the rear of a long sedan and slammed the door. Then he received a pleasant surprise,

for a change.

"Good evening, Mr. Toland," said the gorgeous blonde woman who already sat in the rear seat. From the long, slim brown legs that were barely hidden by her short skirt to the blue eyes that seemed to radiate in the dimness of the night, it was clear that this lady meant business.

"This appears to be your lucky night."

"We'll see," Paul grunted. The woman was causing all too-infrequent stirrings within him, but he still didn't appreciate being bum-rushed this way. And no cop, local or fed, had ever done anything good for him. He felt a familiar sinking sensation in his stomach as the car glided silently from beneath the bridge.

Once they were out of the city limits and into the surrounding countryside, the woman offered him a cigarette, which he refused, and then a

drink from a very handy little bar; he accepted this.

"To your satisfaction, Mr. Toland?" she asked casually after he had drained the glass. Though the two of them were separated by a smoked glass partition from the steroid-heads who had bounced him into the car, she didn't seem at all uncomfortable alone with him.

"That's good liquor," he answered. He extended the glass toward her. "I'll have another."

"Of course." She deftly poured him a second drink. "But we have some important and rather complicated matters to discuss." Paul laughed shortly. "Lady, you don't have enough booze in this car to get me buzzed."

"Good. Now, you are

Paul Richard Toland of Minneapolis, Minnesota, known during your acting days as Paul Talbott, correct?"

"Who wants to know?" Her perfectly made up brows frowned slightly.

"Mr. Toland, we really don't have much time, and this will go much more smoothly—"

"It's a tradeoff, girl. I give you some, and then I get some back from you. I may look like a besotted piece of human garbage to you, but I'm not an idiot."

She nodded. "We know you're much more than what you appear to be, Mr. Toland. All right, I am



Chris Krolczyk

agent Julianne Neilsen of the Secret Service."

That was enough of a shock to stop Paul in mid-swallow. "The Secret Service? You mean the people who . . . ?"

"Yes, we're the people who protect the President and his family. And you are the Paul Toland, a.k.a. 'Paul Talbott', who studied acting at the New York Academy of Fine Arts, talented mimic, and former costar of the ABC Television comedy series 'Everybody Wants to Rule the World'?"

He was impressed. "You've done your homework. Who do I owe money?"

"It's not that, Mr. Toland; you're not even under arrest. In fact, we're about to make you the offer of a lifetime, one which will bring you back into acting and provide you with a role more powerful than any you've dreamed of before. We want you to join the Service."

Completely stunned by this statement, Paul nevertheless was unable to follow it up with any questions when the car arrived at its destination, a cunningly concealed government installation in the rolling Maryland hillside. He tried to resume the conversation, but the two studs in the front of the vehicle hustled him out and then into a place that seemed to be some sort of private spa, where he was virtually ordered to shower. Following this procedure (which did feel pretty nice, he had to admit), he was dressed in new underwear and a luxurious robe before being subjected to a shave and haircut that left his reflection in the mirror almost unrecognizable. It had been years . . . decades, actually, since he had resembled that "Paul Talbott".

"Feeling better?" Julianne Neilsen asked brightly once they were reunited in a small, private room somewhere in the depths of the installation.

"I'm feeling . . . nervous," he told her. He might have said this for effect, but there was a lot of truth to it, too. "I know that everything comes with a price, and the government—especially—would never go to this much trouble simply because they believed a fifty-seven year old homeless drunk named Paul Toland would make a good Secret Service agent. I think it's time to show our cards. Tell me what all of this about, or I start hollering for a lawyer, if that makes any difference to you people."

"It does," she assured him. "Despite your fears, Paul, this isn't a kidnapping or some nefarious government plot to wipe out the homeless with kindness." Julianne stood and began to walk about the tiny room, giving him every opportunity to admire her lithe young body.

"You're one in approximately thirty million men, Paul. You were born with a unique condition which was discovered only eighteen months ago

by the finest medical minds in the world and which has been kept strictly secret since then. It's called the 'Wild Y Syndrome' and appears to be a natural progression in human evolution."

Paul felt the curtain drawing to a close over this nice, if brief, interlude in his life. "I'm no science fiction mutant, Julianne. I don't read minds, move objects by sheer thought power, or tear military tanks apart with my hands. I'm just a washed up comic actor who could have made a decent living in dinner theater once his sidekick days were over but who liked the grape so much that he decided to retire into a bottle. I know your Advanced Fiction Writing Division labored long and hard over this little scenario, something about how my 'magic blood' will keep aging billionaires alive and healthy in perpetuity, but I saw that story when Christopher George played it in his TV series, so please spare me the—"

The woman placed one cool, scented finger over his lips. "Will you just shut up for a moment?" She smiled as she said this. Maybe she did actually have something real and important to tell him. "The Wild Y Syndrome is completely latent in the men who carry it. It affects only their Y chromosome, the one which makes them male, you know? XX: girl, XY: boy?"

"I'm not an idiot."

"Sorry. Anyway, in these rare cases, estimated to occur in only one of thirty million live male births at this time, the Y chromosome is . . . in a variable state. You'd never notice in your regular life, but your Y is susceptible to virtually any other DNA pattern which might be introduced into it properly. This makes you a human chameleon, in effect. If another pattern is imprinted on you, your body will immediately respond to it and replicate the physical makeup of the new pattern, down to the last cell. In other words, if we obtained a sample of, say, Tom Cruise's DNA and injected you with it in the facilitating medium, in just about fifteen minutes, Tom Cruise's identical twin would be sitting here before me." She smiled just a touch lasciviously.

"You're crazy," Paul whispered. "This is . . . this isn't even bad science fiction; it's below that level." The words intrigued him even as they scared the hell out of him, so he decided to take the antagonistic role.

Julianne continued as if she hadn't heard, "Of course, your mind would be unaffected, insulating your personality, memory, and essence from the radical metamorphosis that your body was undergoing, and we would be certain to secure a sample of your original DNA before the procedure in order to return you to yourself when you were finished being Tom Cruise . . . though I

can't say I understand why any man would want to stop being Mr. Cruise."

Paul could no longer find any words with which to interrupt the young woman.

"So you see how effective a man of your genetic abilities and accomplished acting background can be as an operative for the government. You can become anyone we need you to be, sign binding agreements as a foreign leader, foment rebellion as a cultural icon, infiltrate the most tightly sealed of dangerous societies in the perfect disguise. A person's DNA can be extracted from almost anything, including hair, a flake of skin, a fingernail cutting, but to maintain optimum effectiveness, we have to keep this perfectly secret. No one other than the most rarefied of government insiders has as much as a hint of this discovery, and even our recruiting has to be done confidentially, through the records of people treated at hospitals and by private physicians throughout the nation."

"Then how did you find me?" Paul managed to whisper. "I haven't seen a doctor in fifteen years."

"How do you afford your liquor, Paul?" she asked with an odd combination of bluntness and concern. "You sell your blood, don't you? The trait is readily detectable in the blood, and every licensed blood agency now reports any positive results directly to us. We've known about you for months now, watched you. The trait is extremely rare, as I said, about one in thirty million men and boys, and you are the one in this area. But your acting talent and gift for mimicry played as much a part in your selection tonight as your proximity to us. There has been . . . an accident in the White House, and we'll need you prepped and ready first thing in the morning."

The air left his lungs as if he had sustained a physical blow. Jesus Christ . . . the President was dead, somehow, and they wanted him to be the President. At least until an orderly transferring of the office to the Vice President could be made. She hadn't been lying about offering him the role of his life.

A sense of excitement that Paul Toland hadn't felt in years stirred tentatively within his chest. Impressions had always been his forte, as well as his greatest joy, and with the President's own body as his makeup and clothing, what a performance he would be able The excitement began to seep away as gently as it had come to him. He was a fifty-seven year old hopeless alcoholic. Even a one day performance was forever beyond him now.

He gave Julianne a rather sad smile. "Honey, you should have caught my action twenty years

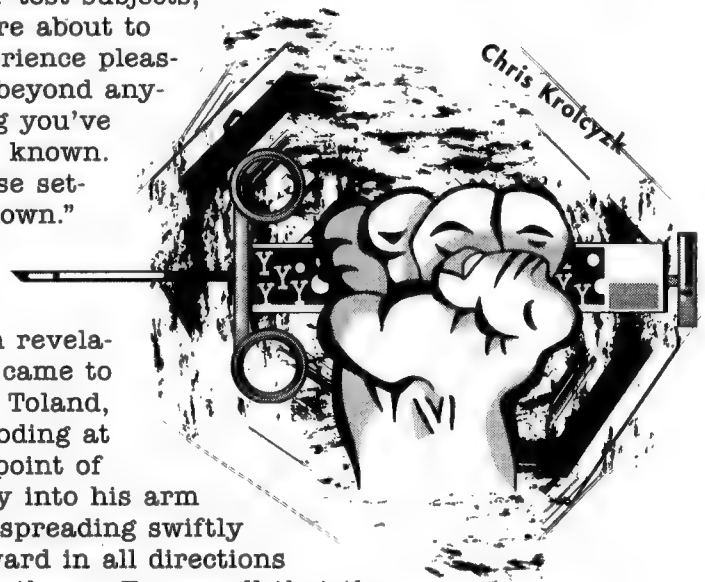
ago." She nodded, as if reading his mind. "We thought that you might feel that way, so we've prepared this demonstration."

Paul didn't realize that everything occurring in that small room was under close scrutiny by other members of the Service until that very moment, when four guys the size of football linemen marched through the single doorway and pinned him back in the reclining chair in which he sat while one of them swabbed his bare right forearm with an alcohol pad and produced a syringe loaded with some reddish solution. He struggled, of course, his years on the street forced him to make this effort; but he was a child in their hands, and Julianne was suddenly at his side, whispering comfortingly into his ear.

"Shhh, stay calm, calm, this is only a demonstration, as I told you, and we're using your own genetic pattern," she told him. "According to the prior test subjects, you're about to experience pleasure beyond anything you've ever known. Please settle down."

Then revelation came to Paul Toland, exploding at the point of entry into his arm and spreading swiftly outward in all directions from there. Every cell that the energy touched lit up with a blazing sensation that carried only pure, passionate delight. The feeling swept through his arm and into his body and head, so that he was engulfed by it, shivering on the chair in undiluted joy. It was better than anything he had ever felt, better than booze, better than performing, better than sex, better than . . . anything. He had no way of knowing how long he was gripped by the energy, but it was the most beautiful span of time he had ever lived.

Finally, he lay quietly, still suffused with the warmth of the experience but no longer controlled by it. His eyes were closed, and he couldn't find the strength to open them, but this sort of benevolent paralysis didn't terrify him as it should have. He understood that his body was simply adjusting to the event and would give him back movement and sight within seconds.



He may have appeared to be asleep, but he could clearly hear everything going on about him. "God, I'll never get used to seeing that," said one of the four men who had held him. "It's like watching movie magic or something. What a high he must be feeling."

"There's nothing else like it in nature," Julianne Neilsen's voice agreed, "not even the metamorphosis of the butterfly. Would you fellows get the mirror in here for me?" There followed the sounds of a large object being wheeled into the room.

With the abruptness of a thrown switch, complete mobility was restored to Paul. He sat up and snapped open his eyes. "What did you do to me?" he demanded. Despite the confusion swirling through him, he felt . . . wonderful. He couldn't recall ever having felt so good.

"Quite a charge, isn't it?" Julianne said. "Take a look."

Paul looked into the full-length mirror which had been wheeled into the room. Almost expecting to see the President's face staring back at him, instead he found himself, a slimmer, clearer, more sharply defined version of himself. He was "Paul Talbott" again.

"We've given you back twenty-five years of your life," Julianne continued. "The tremors and liver damage, all of the effects of your alcoholism are a part of the past now. It's a constant side effect of the treatment: the DNA 'refines' the body, removing age, disease, any sort of infirmity. The metamorphosis recreates the subject in a very nearly perfect condition, so that the man lucky enough to have this trait theoretically could live forever by simply undergoing the process every time that age begins to catch up to him."

Paul couldn't pry his eyes from the image in the mirror. The solid black hair which had grown in to replace the gray that drifted about his shoulders now, the flawless skin, the clear eyes and keenly defined musculature. He had never been in this good a shape in his life.

"So, does your John Hancock go on the contract?" she asked.

"I would be, like, an agent for the government?" he responded. "Going on missions vital to the future of the world like James Bond or something?"

"Sweetie, I promise you, James Bond has never dreamed of what you'll be able to do. But we have to have your answer now. What happened with the President cannot be made public. This country needs that man too much."

It was too much, too fast. Paul continued to gaze into the mirror. It was frightening in its potential. "I don't know . . ."

She kissed him. Then her hands were deftly loosening the belt of his robe as his found the zipper to her dress. They made love in the big chair with a passion that replaced every memory of lovemaking in his soul. His powerful young body surprised him; hers delighted him. He knew that they were watching him from elsewhere in the building, but he didn't care. He and Julianne lay cuddled together in the chair, and her lips found his ear again.

"Are you with us, Paul?"

"Show me the contract," he answered with a contented sigh.

"Transformation" might just as well have applied to the young woman at that instant. Without bothering to pull on even his robe, she slipped out of the chair and produced the legal document from a compartment beneath it. Paul scribbled his signature in the proper spots and then provided a full set of fingerprints on a separate sheet. She might just as well have been doing a tax audit.

"Okay, people, let's get this show on the road," she said, and an entire team of operatives swarmed into the room to escort Paul to the next location.

"Shouldn't I be like briefed or something?" he asked nervously as he struggled to wrap the robe about himself again. He retained some measure of modesty, even if his state of undress had no effect on them whatsoever. "I need background information, videotapes and audio to get the nuances and the inflection right."

"Don't worry about it," Julianne assured him. She had slipped back into her clothing before leaving the room. "You can pick up all of the subtle touches over time. You have to appear in public early this morning, but you won't be called on to do more than smile and wave."

"How to become the President of the United States in one easy lesson," Paul muttered. The next room was larger than the last, with much more space, all of it filled by interested members of the Secret Service. Their flat yet piercing expressions didn't change when the men attending Paul placed him on another padded recliner and took away the robe. His protests were ignored.

Julianne leaned over him and placed a peck on his left cheek. "One last kiss for luck," she said. "Ready?"

"I-I suppose . . ." Another medical person slipped the point of a needle into his right arm. He winced at the small pain before smiling to himself with the knowledge of what was coming next.

"You know, I envy you," Julianne whispered.

"They tell me the pleasure is indescribable, but women have two X's and no Y's, thus no Wild Y's. You'll always have these two times to remember."

The second "seizure" was every bit as overwhelming and fulfilling as the first, even while it was somehow different. Once the shivering had subsided, he lay in the comfort of the chair and radiated with the memory of it. He definitely felt different this time, but that was only to be expected: after all, he was another man entirely now. Paul Toland, President. And that was only the beginning; after every mission, he would return to the perfection and potency of his own twenty-five year old body, maybe even forever. How had he ever managed to fall into this bonanza?

As before, those in the room resumed talking as if he were totally oblivious to their presence, even though he was only resting within the brief paralysis. "God, I hope we don't have to do this with another one," said a man from somewhere to Paul's left. "We've located so few, and to use them up this way"

Then Julianne's voice was replying, "If someone had paid more attention to that stoned out bastard earlier tonight, we wouldn't have to be doing it with this one. You people know what he's like when he's been doing coke."

"Placing blame doesn't help the situation, Agent Neilsen. We can't be around him all of the time, you know, and he's a man of many passions—"

"He's a man we have to get reelected or retool for another damned Republican regime," she stated harshly, not at all like the seductive recruitment agent of moments earlier. "There won't be many voters eager to reelect a drug-crazed strangler, will there?"

"We'll keep him on a tight leash this time," the man said. "He's always fine when he has an audience to play to."

A sharp crackle of panic raced through Paul's still form. What were they talking about? The President had murdered someone, and now they were going to cover it up? And . . . the President was still going to be the . . . President? Who . . . ?

Julianne sighed. "You're right. Blame does no good at this point. After all, even the Secret Service can't be expected to be literally in bed with the First Couple."

Movement returned to Paul Toland, and the former possessor of a Wild Y chromosome opened his eyes, looked at his new body, and began to scream in a higher-pitched, unfamiliar voice.



Chris Krolczyk

ON MANOR'S MIND



As much as everyone enjoys my single-theme rant columns, the downside is, there is never any space left for the intriguing Extraordinary Insights featured in most other OMMs. Well, to make up for such deprivation, I've put together a bunch of 'em this month and will further save space by foregoing the usual brilliant segues between them.

| Hello. During conversations, do you like to take a sip from an ever-present beverage container to accentuate "witty" declarations? Great—I'll be over Thursday to break both your elbows.

| These are "experts"?! Succumbing to the numskull trend to draw up "all-time best" lists, the American Film Institute's "Top 100 Comedies" roster not only had *Groundhog Day* ahead of *City Lights* (and others like it), but included *Singin' In The Rain* amongst the very top. How do you like that: all those reference books, catalogs and video stores had it wrong when they listed *Singin'* as a **musi-call**!

| I've got something for those ignorami who brush off the existence of UFOs with the rationale "After all these years, there's not one single tangible piece of physical evidence," particularly the ones who base their foolish claims on some sort of Bible-related arrogance. Okay, smart-mouths, let's talk about your boy Jesus Christ: "After all these CENTURIES, there's not one single..."

| What do you bet three-quarters of the music press knocking the pre-fab groups for being assembled and blatantly commercial, gladly spent bucks on Kiss products in the past?

| The only thing more infuriating than a guy who does the Big Little Boy routine to hit on

women is seeing it actually work. I have never known *one* guy doing this bit who wasn't a slick little hustler, thoroughly unapologetic about running a scam. When are you gals gonna get wise to this con??? Isn't it obvious a grown man who seems to need a mommy substitute is a XXL loser?

| Why It's A-OK To Hate The General Public, Reason #726: In late July, 2001, some boob wrote into the *Parade* magazine Q&A section and inquired about Regis Philbin's personal wealth, wondering how Philbin could afford to give away all those millions of dollars on the game show he hosted. Don't you feel secure knowing the inquirer can go over to Sears and buy a rifle any time he pleases?

| Johnny Thunders remains dead but Elton John remains on tour. Why? Jennifer Lopez videos are shot from the front. Why? Merchants continue to believe having Whoopi Goldberg as a spokes-hag will inspire people to buy their products. Why? Truly gifted unknown filmmakers can't get a leg up, yet movies revolving around dreadful SNL skit characters are constantly being released by major studios. Why? Mariah Carey gets a boob job. Why? Why? Why??? Oh, yeah, because she's nuts. But I still have no answers for the rest of the questions.

| Elvis Costello in a tux, singing while Burt Bacharach plays piano: Sorry, I just can't buy into that not being a credibility strangler. Wasn't it people like Bacharach who made people like Costello necessary?

| For those unfamiliar with the man, Pat Croce is one of those wired 24/7 guys who worked himself up from '76ers trainer to team boss. The operative word here is "worked," and Croce merits full respect for movin' on up via the sweat glands rather than daddy's money or any of the other traditional routes.

Unfortunately, after obtaining that de-luxe apartment in the sky, Pat became a male Richard Simmons, so fascinated with his achievements, he felt obligated to tell the

have-nots his personal success philosophies...over and over and over...whether one wanted to hear them or not.

Pat Croce feels great. That's not mere supposition: "I feel great" is his mantra cum p.r. catchphrase, worked into interviews just like a polished pro wrestler. In fact, Pat feels so great, he wrote a best-seller about it entitled—drum roll, please—"I Feel Great—And You Will, Too." He's even taken it upon himself to pen a weekly "Inspire" column for the Sunday newspaper magazine insert.

Hey, everybody,
Pat Croce
feels great!
Isn't that
of vital
concern
to us
all?

Surely, the entire cosmos breathes a collective sigh of relief over Father Pasquale's pronouncement. Granted, the cynical might look upon his

ruminations as self-obsessed showboating and extremely off-putting, but that doesn't faze Pat. After all...

Pat Croce feels great. That's all that matters. Your paramour has contracted a terminal disease and you wake each day to find him/her more crippled up in pain. Not to worry—Pat Croce says, "You can feel great, too." Your best friend fell victim to the "heroin chic" myth and you're on the way to his funeral—but don't despair. Pat Croce feels great.

A retarded homeless woman was gang-raped in a sports complex parking lot. Perhaps she should have been reading one of Pat's motivational columns during the ordeal so she too could feel great. Little Jennifer's drunken stepfather abuses her to post kiddie porn on the Internet...but what she should most be concerned about is whether Pat Croce feels great.

What do you know; Pat was unceremoniously canned after a failed grab for more power. Gee, I wonder how Croce felt the very moment he got the pink slip.

There's sure a lot of what I call Emperor's New Clothes Syndrome (ENCS) going around these days. This is the condition whereby no one has the guts to tell big shots they are putrid at a specific act for fear the insulted will have the news breaker blacklisted within his profession. For example, there doesn't seem to be a soul in Hollywood willing to tell Stephen King and Quentin Tarantino "Would you please stay the hell *behind* the cameras? Your 'acting' blows."

The most ridiculous ENCS scenario in recent times, though, involves Chris Tucker. With his high-pitched delivery and gawky physique, it's not much of a stretch to bill Chris as "the ebon Jerry Lewis." Yet despite being so skinny, if he wore a bellman's cap he'd be mistaken for a giant pencil, Tucker appeared in the Rush Hour 2 print ads striking what could generously be called a martial arts stance—**with his shirt off.**

Do the public a huge favor, Chris—no more posing topless, okay? Some of us like to thumb through the newspaper during meals.

Hubba Hubba Honeys:

Samantha Brown sleeps around—and gets paid for it! Furthermore, she takes along a camera crew and does it all over the country!

What's that? You say, "The same could be said about Carmen Elektra"? Tread lightly, wiseass. I don't cotton to you drawing an analogy twixt the latter star-schtuper and my future former girlfriend.

I guess I better explain. Silky Sam is hostess of a couple of Travel Channel series, crashing around the States in either the hippest hotels or the vacation homes of obscenely wealthy moneybags who would take one look at you or me approaching and loose the Dobermans. And though she's never actually said so on-air, I just know she's often thinking, "Damn, I wish Stately were here with me."

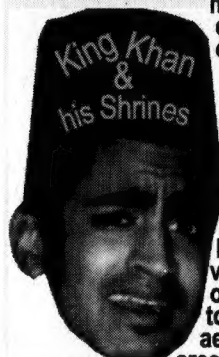
The traveling temptress may not have the super structure of Denise Richards, Francine York, Uschi or certain others profiled here in the past—though there's no question this mod's packing quite a curvy bod. But what

Foxy Brown II has cornered the market in is cutes. In fact, as a first-hand expert on the subject, I hereby declare saucy Samantha "The Hands-Down Cutest Woman In Show Business."

From her delivery and asides (you know, the unscripted stuff), I get the distinct impression Sam has a couple of sets of the kookiness gene, too—and your narrator sho is a sucker for kooky cuties. No doubt Samantha'll come to Manorville and, like all women, will get caught up in that whole "love at first sight" routine the moment she meets me. I usually blow it off; but this time I intend to cut the lustful lady a break. Why, I can even envision, when she drags me home to meet her mom, whipping out a ukulele and warbling that old song "Mrs. Brown, You've Got A Lovely Daughter." That's right, the World's Coolest Columnist will voluntarily make a cornball jackass out of himself. That's how damn cute Samantha is!

Now, why couldn't they have had HER pose sans shirt in *Rush Hour 2* ads???

Voodoo Rhythm



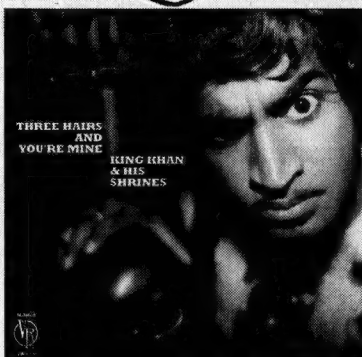
King Khan & his Shrines

he was born in the deep black Jungle of India, in the jungle he was the leader of Indias wildest Jungle Beat-Band, at the age of 13, he was kidnaped by the canadian boy group the Space shits they had a top 100 hit then in 1999 he felt in love with a german virgin, and was founder of the Khan family went to germanys worst aereas, picked up the creepiest ones and started

King Khan and his Sensational Shrines one year later King Khan recordet his first record for 'Sounsf of subterranea' and they where touring Europe Up and Down, France, sweden, switzerland, germany, austria, italy, spain... this year 2002 the LP/CD '3 hairs and you're mine' is out on voodoo rhythm records and noboddy can't stop them now for getting the hottest Voodoo Soul Group in the Universe!!



VOODOO RHYTHM RECORDS
Scheibenstrasse 53, 3014 Bern
Switzerland
info@voodooorhythm.com
www.voodooorhythm.com



King Khan & his Shrines
... three hairs & you're mine' LP/CD

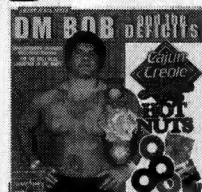
This is The Bamboo and Voodoo King of Soul Music, mix up Screamin' Jay Hawkins with James Brown... and the result is this phenomenal Platter buy it befor all your friends got it... recordet at Toe Rag with Liam Watson

D CH - Rec Rec (ziegler@recrec.ch)
NL/B - Clear Spot (clrspot@worldonline.nl)
USA - Subterranean (subterra@subterranean.org)
USA - CARGO (GubbyCMLG@aol.com)
D - Swamp Room (Swamphead@mandra-gora.de)
D - Rockin'Rollin Productions (RRP-AndyWidder@t-online.de)
JAP - On the Hill (info@onthehillrecords.com)
GB - Pro Sonic (CoproProd@aol.com)
O A - Record Shack



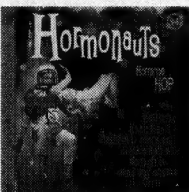
Reverend Beat-Man & the Un-Believers
'get on your knees' LP/CD

the King of the primitive Gospel! Rock'n'Roll Blues and Trash this record will send you direct to the electric chair, 13 songs about killing, go to jail, Satan and Got Country Trash at it's best!



DM BOB & the Deficits
'cajun creole hot nuts' LP/CD

the newest strike... more alligator Rock'n'Roll and Swamp Blues Trash, you can't find anywhere else, the Louisiana Mad Dog pushes you right into the green hell of Louisiana!!



The Hormonauts
'hormone hop' LP/CD

A Rockabilly Swing Jive and Berserk a go go trio, you want forgot anymore, this is wild and this is chatchy like your sisters Ass get it now and your the hot shot in your neighbourhood



Get Lost
'never come back' LP/CD

Picking up where the Miracle Workers' classic Inside Out left off, former members Gerry Mohr and Robert Butler—himself also the founder of garage legends the Untold Fables—have promised to ignore all the modern trends and bring to the world the most fuzzed-out psychedelic quartet yet: the GET LOST!

PocketSkeleton

Labs

Bringing Strange Things to Life



Illustration & Fine Art

- Cover art
- Spots
- Posters
- Editorial
- Web Graphics
- And More!

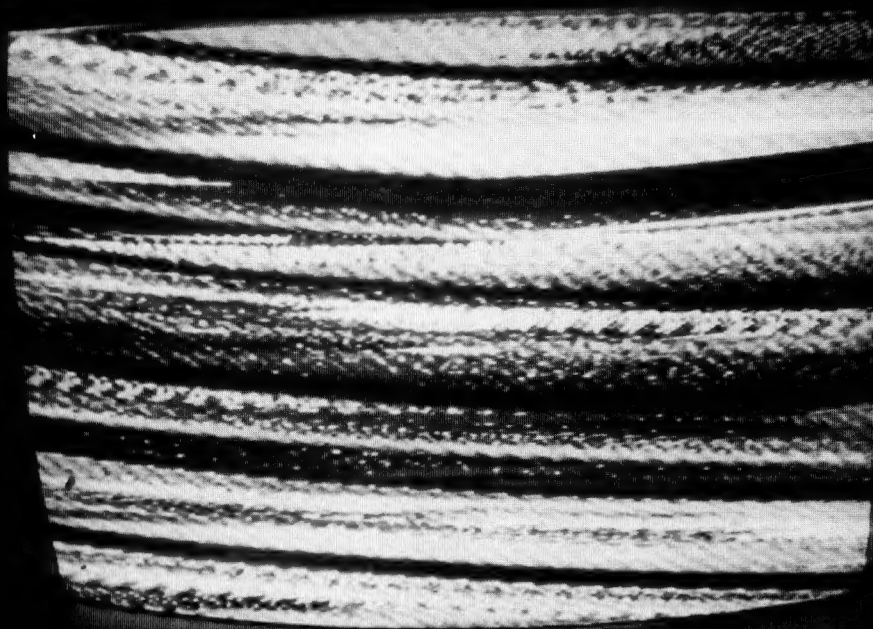
+1.301.468.6052

www.pocketskeleton.com



THE CATHETERS

STATIC DELUSIONS AND STONE-STILL DAYS

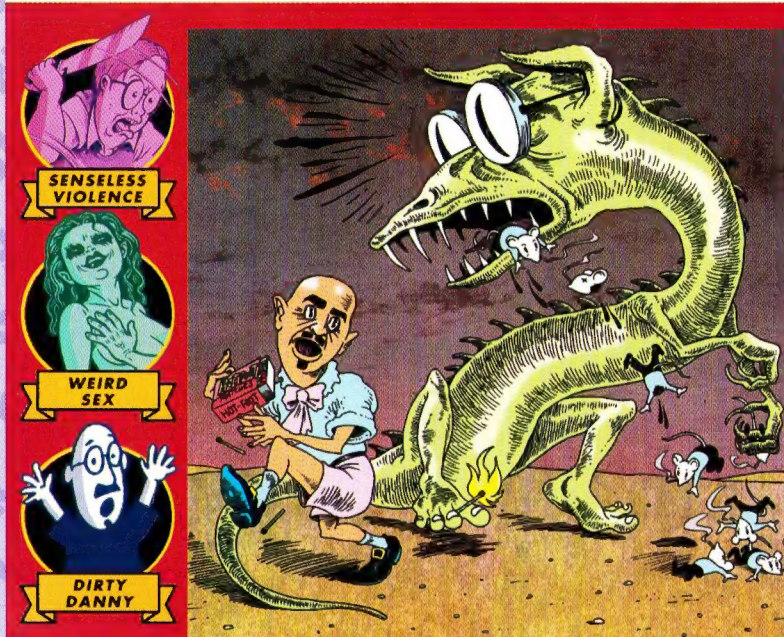


LP / CD - Out March 5, 2002
www.subpop.com

WHAT CRITICS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT LEGAL ACTION COMICS VOLUME ONE:

CRUMB • SPIEGELMAN • WILLIAMS • SPAIN
DEITCH • PANTER • DOUCET • MILLIONAIRE
FICTION BY JIM KNIPFEL & MORE!

SEVENTY CARTOONISTS • 256 PAGES NUMBER ONE • FOR MATURE READERS



"A virtual who's who of the last three decades of American cartooning."

Sam Adams,
Philadelphia City Paper

"The Holy Grail of Alternative Comics has arrived! A definite must-have for independant comics fans!"

Casey Seijas,
WIZARD Magazine

"Legal Action Comics" supports a worthy cause, and this sometimes brilliant pastiche of contemporary cartooning is certainly worth the price of purchase.

James Norton,
flakmag.com

"The strength of "Legal Action Comics" is the diversity of contributors, making it a must-have for anyone interested in the variety of comic styles out there."

Andrew D. Arnold,
Time.com

but with an added focus on the indomitable Hellman. That so many cartoonists would come to his aid is bound to make you root for him as well, but I believe the book is worthwhile even without a cause behind it."

Chris Allen, COMIC BOOK GALAXY

Legal Action Comics features comics by legendary contributors such as Robert Crumb, Art Spiegelman, Robert Williams, Kim Deitch, Mary Fleener, Gary Panter, Spain Rodriguez, Jay Lynch, Tony Millionaire, Kaz, Julie Doucet, and sixty other top talents.

available on the web at:

www.lastgasp.com & www.budplant.com

visit www.dannyhellman.com for more information!